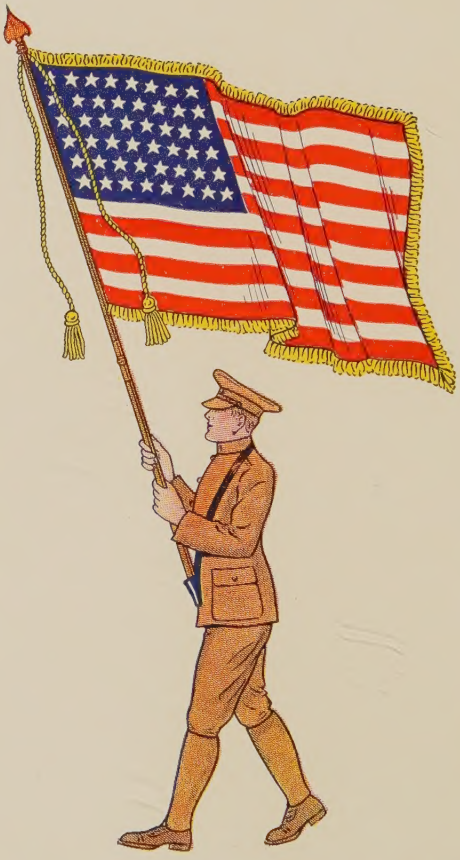
# The Romance of OLD GLORY

ETHEL CLERE CHAMBERLIN

Helen Jean Hawkins

# THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY



"Stirring are the stories of my Stars and Stripes"

# *The Romance of* OLD GLORY

BY

ETHEL CLERE CHAMBERLIN

*Author of "Heroes of Peace."*

ILLUSTRATED BY

HAROLD M. BRETT

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DEDICATED TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

*Thomas Harlington Clere*

## FOREWORD

How beautifully and attractively Ethel Clere Chamberlin has presented to us the history of our Flag in this book entitled, "The Romance of Old Glory." It is a most worthy volume to place in the hands of children, for whom it was specially written. It can be commended also to the parents of the children and to mature readers in general.

The several flags, which have played their part in the history of the Republic, should be of the deepest interest to every American. Each one of them commemorates a more or less important event in our national life. Each has been marshalled in the author's "parade of the colors" with an historic setting and background vividly and graphically presented.

The early standards were but the forerunners of "Old Glory," prophets of the high idealism of governmental and national life to be symbolized in The Stars and Stripes, in the Flag of which our great orator Henry Ward Beecher said:

"Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. The stars that redeem the night from darkness and the beams of red light that beautify the morning

have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving."

May it ever stand as the emblem of a liberty-loving people, as well as for a majesty and power that commands respect.

Most beautifully did the poet Drake sing:

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there."

Beautiful flag! Our fathers' flag! Our flag! From forts and fleets, from domes of capitols, from every school house and public building, from the millions of homes in all our land, let it wave, but let it wave unsullied!

This book will do much to inculcate in our children a greater love for the Flag, a larger and a truer patriotism. For us of the older generations, who may read it, it should re-waken a zealous adherence to the Flag and all it symbolizes.

Hon. Cornelius Amory Pugsley, LL.D.
*President American Flag Association*

Peekskill, New York.
July 22nd, 1930.

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# THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*The sagas, or romantic myths, of Scandinavia tell us that in the year 1000 A. D., Lief Ericson, son of Eric the Red, discoverer, founder and ruler of Iceland, set out from that land in an open Viking ship —with thirty-two oars and a sail—manned by thirty-five Norsemen; that above its one, square, striped sail fluttered a white pennant on which a jet black raven stretched its outspread wings.*

*They tell us that Lief the Lucky, as he was afterward called, sailed westward until he reached the shores of America which he named Vinland; but, we do not* know *this to be a positive fact.*

*The first thing we really know about the discovery of America is that in 1492 Christopher Columbus planted the flag of a highly civilized nation upon the shores of the New World.*

*That brave and courageous man, a seaman and a scholar from Genoa, Italy, left his homeland, where his countrymen laughed at his ideas and, going to Spain, asked King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to fit out some ships for him and let him sail them westward to find China and the Isles of Spice, for he believed the earth to be round.*

*After many disappointments, Columbus received permission to make ready three ships, and the queen pawned her jewels to help pay for the voyage.*

*With the "Niña," the "Pinta," and his flag ship the "Santa Maria," with a company of adventurers on board, he set sail from Palos, Spain, on the third of August, 1492. He was delayed at the Canary Islands for repairs but soon started out again.*

*On the evening of the eleventh of October, when his men had about decided to force him to turn back, Columbus saw a tiny speck of light in the distance, which seemed to move as though it were carried.*

*"Land ho!" he cried in triumph.*

*The sailors and the gentlemen flocked to the rail and watched until the first rays of dawn showed them an island thickly wooded. They were wild with joy and their glances which the evening before had been sullenly and gloomily cast at Columbus changed to ones of admiration.*

*Dressed in scarlet doublet and hose Christopher Columbus, carrying the royal banner of Spain, was the first to leap on shore from the small boats. Behind him came the Pinzons, commanders of the "Niña" and the "Pinta." They bore Columbus's own banner, the flag of the expedition, which the Queen had given him when he started out from Palos. It was white and on it was the green cross of Chris-*

*tianity; and the letters F. and Y., for Ferdinand and Ysabel, the Spanish for Isabella, were underneath two crowns.*

*As his feet touched the ground Columbus fell on his knees and thanked God that He had brought him safely to success. Then, holding aloft the royal banner, he took possession of the island in the name of their majesties and of Spain.*

*When the news of his discovery reached Spain, their own country grew too small for the Spaniards. In great numbers they swarmed to the New World, to make their fame and their fortunes.*

*So it happened that—*

## THE FLAG OF DISCOVERY

Over the Casa Blanca, or white house, in the little Spanish settlement of San Juan, Puerto Rico, the flag fluttered lazily against the staff. Now and then a stronger breeze from the bay lifted the bright damask folds and spread out the beautiful splendor of the red and white quarters on which were embroidered the castles and lions, emblems of the rulers of Spain.

Below, in his garden, a man of about fifty years of age sat dozing. His skin was tanned a healthy brown and his hands were firm and strong, but his hair was silver white from the many hardships he had endured when he fought, for Spain, against the Moors.

He had laid aside his leathern doublet and kicked off the heavy boots and the neck of his fine linen shirt was open, for it was the warmest hour of the day. All who could were taking a siesta, resting in cool patios or in shutter-darkened rooms.

Close by, partly covering the master's boots with his great body, a huge blood-hound lay stretched on the cool stones. His broad head rested on his paws and, although he, too, seemed to be dozing, he was wide awake.

At every sudden scream from some gay parrot in

the tall palm trees the hound stirred restlessly and turned his watchful eyes upward. His eyes followed the flight of the sea gulls as they circled over the Casa Blanca and over the battlements that formed the walls of the garden. He listened to their weird cries of eem-eem, eem-eem, as they hovered over the blue waters of the bay on the other side of the outer wall.

Even the tiny ant hastening over the stones was not beneath the great dog's notice, for he was guarding the man he loved best in all the world. He was watching over the Spanish conquistador, Juan Ponce de Leon, a hidalgo or man of noble birth and governor of the island of San Juan de Bautista (now Puerto Rico), by order of their royal majesties King Ferdinand of Spain and his daughter Juana who had inherited the throne of her mother, Queen Isabella.

Suddenly the hound gave a low growl and sprang to his feet.

Juan Ponce stirred lazily and murmured,

"Lie down, Becerrico."

Instantly the great dog dropped to the ground but his eyes were on the shutters of the door and the low rumbling in his throat did not stop.

"What is it, Becerrico?" asked Juan Ponce de Leon. "I hear nothing but the birds."

The next instant a footstep sounded in the hall of the house and a man in armour opened the shutters and stepped into the garden.

The Flag of Discovery –
Florida, 1513

"What ho! News?" asked Juan Ponce rising from his chair. "It must be news indeed to bring you hither in this heat!"

"Sir," said the soldier, bowing, "a Carib woman has just been brought in. She tells a marvelous tale of an island where gold lies around to be picked off the ground."

"An island covered with gold!" exclaimed Juan Ponce. "Where is this wonder?"

"That the Carib woman will not say. She says she'll tell this only to you," answered the soldier.

"Bring her hither, then, before she forgets," Juan Ponce commanded.

As the steps of the soldier sounded again within the house, the great dog rose to his feet once more and with bared teeth growled viciously. But as the soldier entered the garden leading the bent form of an old woman, Becerrico seemed to know she was not an enemy and laid down on the stones once more.

"Now, my good woman." said Juan Ponce, gently, "tell your tale."

Slowly, because she knew but a few Spanish words and with one eye on the dog who was the terror of every native, the old woman told of an island of Bimini which was so beautiful that no words could describe it and so rich in gold that all one had to do was to pick it up.

"And that's not all," whispered the old woman

when she saw that the two men were keenly interested. "There is a spring on this island and whoever bathes in its crystal waters is made young again!" She looked meaningly at Juan Ponce's snowy locks.

Juan Ponce de Leon laughed.

*"Vieja,"* said he, leaning toward the old woman, "since I sailed to these parts nineteen years ago with that great Admiral, Christopher Columbus, on his second voyage, and stood beside him while he took possession of this Island of San Juan de Bautista, I've heard tales of a wonderful island of gold. I believe the story a fairy tale."

"I tell the truth," cried the *vieja,* or old woman. "I can lead you to it as I can to my own home!"

"I can lead you there!" she cried again and again.

"She is starving," said Juan Ponce as he saw that the old woman tottered and almost fell. "Keep her here, feed her well and I shall speak with her later."

The old woman who had explained that she was not a Carib but an Indian who had been captured by the Caribs, a bold, bad tribe of man-eating savages, nodded, and her eyes sparkled at the thought of food and shelter, as she eagerly followed the soldier.

When the soldier and the old woman had left the garden, Juan Ponce leaned over the dog.

"Ah, Becerrico, the King my royal master calls always for gold, more gold! There is not enough on this island to satisfy him. If there *is* an island covered

with gold how pleased he would be if I found it. How wonderful for Spain if I should plant that glorious banner over a new island. And such an island!" he cried as he looked up at his country's flag floating over Casa Blanca.

"Who knows," he went on, "but what this island may be in the Third Hemisphere. I have always believed that there is yet another world to find and now I am sure. If I were only free to seek it. If such a thing should happen that I find a Fountain of Youth, so much the better. Stranger things have happened! Why, forty years ago a man was thought crazy who said the world was round. Columbus believed it and found this new land. In such a wonderful age anything is possible. Eh, Becerrico?"

Becerrico pricked up his ears and looked wise.

Many times in the days that followed Juan Ponce asked the *vieja* questions about Bimini and each time she told the same tale.

"At least she believes it herself," he said to himself. "There must be some truth in it."

Not long after this a Spanish ship sailed into the harbor and on it were two men who had been sent to take Ponce de Leon's place as governor.

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella had promised Christopher Columbus that he and his children after him could name the governor of any land he might discover.

The King wanted everyone to know that in sending the new governors he was only trying to please Diego. Juan Ponce was still one of his favorites and the King told him to keep any property that seemed to belong to him.

As Ponce had had charge of the gold mines he had been able to make quite a fortune which he was allowed to keep. So, instead of being angry as his men were, Ponce was pleased. He was now free to seek that mysterious island of Bimini.

"I am about to seek a third world!" he said.

At once he sent a messenger with a letter to the King asking permission to go on such a voyage of discovery.

In the harbor were three small caravels which had just brought the food for the soldiers. And although Juan Ponce did not own them he began to get them ready for a long voyage. The two new governors could say nothing, for the King had said that Juan Ponce could take anything he thought belonged to him.

Cannons were mounted on the decks and shot and powder and stones for them were placed in the hold.

Cattle and hogs were killed and the fresh meat salted down and packed on board. In the Casa Blanca there was a sweet smell of spice and fruit as Dona Inez, Ponce de Leon's wife, watched over great

kettles of preserves and saw that the brine for the kegs of pickled limes was just right.

All these had been safely packed away on the caravels when the answer came from the King.

It was a very gracious letter and said that as long as Ponce de Leon would pay for the whole voyage out of his own pocket the King gave his consent and wished him good luck.

Nearly all of the soldiers had served their terms and nearly all of them wanted to throw in their luck with Ponce de Leon for the adventure, and many cavaliers asked to go along to make their fortunes on the island of Bimini.

So, it was a gay company that gathered on the shore that morning in the year 1513.

Flags floated from the Casa Blanca and from every mast a pennant or banner was flying to the breeze. The company of adventurers gathered in groups awaiting the arrival of Juan Ponce.

At last he was seen coming from the Casa Blanca surrounded by his family, his wife, two boys and a little girl. Close on the heels of his master came Becerrico.

"We are so happy here," said Dona Inez, "why do you have to go?"

"It's for the glory of Spain, to plant her banner on still another shore. Farewell, I leave you Becerrico!" said Ponce de Leon as he left her.

For some time while the figures on the caravels could be seen Dona Inez and her children stood on the shore. Then they went into the house.

But Becerrico watched until the ships were out of sight.

It was the third of March in the year 1513 when Juan Ponce left San Germain where he had taken on more provisions and a great amount of cassava bread.

The sea was calm and the weather beautiful and as the little fleet went along they stopped at the different islands for water and fruit or to bathe in some shady cove.

After a few days they struck a wide current of water which flowed very swiftly. At first the gentlemen on board were worried and left their cards and dice to ask the pilot if all was well. But the pilot, who had sailed when he was a little boy with Christopher Columbus and was now a very skilful navigator, assured them that they were safe and they went back to their games.

Easter Sunday (Pascua Florida), the twenty-seventh of March was bright and clear, and as Ponce de Leon and his pilot were scanning the horizon a line appeared between the sky and the sea.

"Land ho!" they cried.

"Bimini," cried Ponce de Leon.

The sailors dropped the anchors over the sides but

the current was too strong and for several days they could not land and so were carried along with the stream.

At last they were able to put in at the shore (near what is now St. Augustine). It was about midnight so every man on board made ready to land as soon as dawn came up.

Sailors filled their arquebuses and the soldiers donned their armour and grasped their javelins while they waited for the sunrise.

By the time they reached the sandy shore the sun was high in the heavens.

When they touched the land, the soldiers and sailors fell on their knees. After a short prayer Juan Ponce de Leon unsheathed his sword and while the soldiers held aloft the flag of Spain, called out in a loud voice so that all the trees and any natives could hear him:

"Long live the high and powerful monarchs King Ferdinand and Queen Juana in whose names and the royal crown of Aragon and Castile I now take possession of this island and name it La Florida, for I found it on Easter."

As soon as this ceremony was over Juan Ponce and his men began to look for gold but there was none. And although they bathed in every stream and spring as they explored the coast not one of them grew younger.

Many times Ponce de Leon landed at tiny islands where he took on water and wood and once managed to careen one of his ships to repair it. Everywhere he saw that the tall strong natives were ready for war, and after several attacks upon them by the Indians, Ponce de Leon decided to sail back to Puerto Rico.

He came into the harbor, in a blaze of glory, where his wife and children waited for him, and Becerrico leaped high in his joy over his master's return.

Soon afterward, Juan Ponce de Leon sailed to Spain to tell the King all he had found.

King Ferdinand was very much pleased and before Juan Ponce sailed for Puerto Rico again he had been made governor for life of La Florida and Bimini. He had orders to found a colony on the new land.

Many things had to be settled first. Carib wars came and it was February, 1521, before Juan Ponce sailed away to Florida. By this time it had been learned that Florida was part of a great continent. Ponce de Leon was more eager than ever to start his colony.

On board his ships he had two hundred men and fifty horses which were unknown in the New World before the Spaniards came. He also had cows and pigs as well as tools for farming.

In the hold were great boxes of seeds of apples,

oranges, cherries, chestnuts, flax, canary seed and many shade trees.

The little company had just started to build their huts when painted Indians swooped down on them in great swarms.

For a time the Spaniards fought bravely but when Ponce de Leon, their leader, was struck in the thigh by an arrow, the band of men carried him to the ships and sailed away as swiftly as possible for Puerto Rico.

On the way they stopped at Cuba and there the Spanish conquistador, Juan Ponce de Leon, the lion-hearted, passed away. Tenderly his men who were left, for many had been killed in the battles, carried Ponce de Leon to his flagship and back through the channel he had discovered.

So he came again to Puerto Rico and was laid to rest in the church near his home, the Casa Blanca.

This gallant and brave cavalier did not find the gold he sought nor the Fountain of Youth, nor yet a third hemisphere, but he had made his name famous forever as the first European to discover Florida and the first to plant a European flag on the shores of the land which is now a part of our United States of America.

*Even though the Spaniards had planted the Flag of Discovery on the sands of Florida, they did not at once make any settlement there, for they were busy conquering and taking gold out of Mexico.*

*The English claimed the eastern coast of America because they had sent out John Cabot to seek the same way to China that the world believed Columbus had discovered. Cabot had landed on Cape Breton, an island off the coast of Canada and, going ashore, had hoisted the English flag—the Red Cross of St. George—and he had taken possession of that island and of all land washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean which had not already been claimed by Spain. The English, however, did not immediately make a settlement in the New World. They had a very good reason for this, for Spain claimed all the Atlantic coast of America, and Spain was much stronger on the sea than England. When Spain's power began to weaken, England began to plan the sending out of a colony.*

*At last, after some coaxing, Sir Walter Raleigh persuaded Queen Elizabeth to let him send a company of settlers over to the land they had named*

*Virginia, but, at the end of a year the homesick band returned to England. Soon he sent out another company which settled at Roanoke. The colony disappeared and with it Virginia Dare, the first English child to be born in America. Nothing was ever found of that company of Englishmen. The only trace was the word* Croatoan, *carven on a tree trunk.*

*Then, in 1606, under the new English flag, the King's Colors, the first successful English colony came to Virginia in command of Captain John Smith.*

*Meantime a French colony of Huguenots had settled on the banks of the St. John's River in Florida. Over the brave colony waved the white flag of France with its golden fleur-de-lis; but, down upon the luckless settlement swooped the Spaniards and completely destroyed it. They set up the Spanish colors and founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.*

*Three years after Captain John Smith founded Jamestown, Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch East India Company and under the flag of Holland—orange, white and blue—sailed into New York Harbor in the little cockle-shell of a ship the "Half Moon." A few years later, Holland founded the colony of New Netherlands and the city of New Amsterdam which became New York.*

*All three colonies—the English in Virgina, the Spanish in Florida, and the Dutch in New Netherlands—grew rapidly, so that when the Pilgrims, in search of freedom of worship, looked about for a home they decided upon America—*

## THE FLAG OF THE PILGRIMS

It was Saturday, the first day of August in the year 1620. In the port of Delfshaven, Holland, the pinnace *Speedwell* tugged and pulled at her moorings, for the wind was fair and the tide was high.

On the deck of the *Speedwell,* beneath the billowing sails and waving banners, knelt a little band of English Pilgrims. There was Edward Winslow who had come from London; there was Isaac Allerton and his wife and little family; and Captain Miles Standish who had fought in the wars in Flanders kneeling beside his sweet wife Rose; there was Francis Cooke and his little son John; and Dr. Samuel Fuller, and William Brewster with his wife and sons; Master William Bradford and his wife Dorothy, and William White and his wife Anna and many others. Tears ran down their faces as they listened to their pastor, John Robinson, for all felt that this might be the last time this little band would ever pray together.

Some were leaving their children behind with friends in Holland; some were leaving their wives and still others were leaving their aged parents.

For the sake of their religion this little band of

Pilgrims were sailing across the mighty Atlantic to settle in that vast and almost unknown land of America where they would be free to worship God in their own way.

Twelve years before some of this small band had lived in the pretty little town of Scrooby, England. But because they had separated from the Church of England and were worshiping God in a much more simple form they had to hold their meetings secretly. For King James had sent out an order that every one in all the land must go to the same kind of a church. They should all worship in the Church of England or the King's Soldiers would swoop down on them and carry them off to prison.

The little band who had separated from the Church of England and were called Separatists decided to move to Holland where everyone could worship as he pleased.

So, Master William Brewster, who was a man of importance in Scrooby, gave up his good position as Master of the Post, his pupil William Bradford, a young lad of seventeen gave up his comfortable home in a little town nearby and others sold their farms and all made ready to follow their leader Reverend John Robinson to Holland.

When the little band of Separatists were ready to sail, when all they owned in all the world, their household goods and money, was on the ship they found

that the captain had been untrue to them, for the King's Men appeared, in a great company, with long spears and muskets.

After the captain and the crew had taken every bit of money from the little band, the King's Men arrested the leaders and marched the poor women and children through the town where every one could see them, and laugh.

Even this cruel treatment did not discourage the little band, and as soon as Master William Bradford, Elder Brewster and Reverend John Robinson were free they hired another ship. This time it was a Dutch one, sailed by a Dutch captain.

Once more the little band made ready, the men were on board and the women were waiting to be taken out when the King's Men swooped down on them again. As soon as the Dutch captain saw the soldiers, although the men begged him to wait, he hoisted his sails and sped away, leaving the women and children on the shore.

However, family by family the women and children managed to get to Holland where the men had already found work and had made homes for them.

For a year the Separatists lived in Amsterdam and then moved to the beautiful city of Leyden where Master William Bradford and some of the others attended the University of Leyden.

Although the Dutch people were very kind to the

little English band of men, women and children it was hard for them to earn their livings at trades in Holland, for almost all of them had been farmers in England. As they had no schools of their own the children had to attend Dutch schools where they spoke the Dutch language and soon it was noticed that the children were growing more like Dutch children than like English children.

So a meeting was held and it was decided that the little band should move to America where Captain John Smith had settled a colony in Virginia. They made up their minds that they would not join the Virginia colony, but form one of their own where they could make their own laws, worship God in their own way and bring up their children as they thought best.

An English company loaned them some money, for the Separatists, who, now that they were to move again, were called Pilgrims, had very little. The English company promised to fit out two ships for them.

One, a large one called the *Mayflower,* was to sail with other Separatists from London. The other, a small one called the *Speedwell,* was to be fitted out in Holland and sail from there, carrying the Pilgrims to Southampton, England. There the two companies were to join and sail in whichever boat seemed best by the leaders.

The Flag of the Pilgrims – Plymouth, 1620

Although two boats were fitted out only a few could go, for neither ship was very large. It was decided that only the young and strong should go at first and the others who wished could go later when homes had been made for them in the new land.

So, on that early morn in August, the last cheese and the last firkin of butter had been stowed among the mattresses and chests of earthen dishes and clothes belonging to the Pilgrims, the sails had been hoisted and the hour of parting had arrived. Reverend John Robinson asked a last blessing and telling Elder Brewster to watch over his flock until he could join them in the new land, and with those who had come aboard to say a last goodbye to their loved ones, dropped over the side and rowed toward the shore. There, beneath the long arms of the windmills atop the dikes, still others of the little band waved a silent, sad farewell.

When the Pilgrims could see the shore no longer they went about their duties, for they felt they were doing right and were cheerful about it.

On the sixteenth of September, the *Mayflower* bearing one hundred and two Pilgrims sailed out of Plymouth, England. Above them, from the mainmast of the ship waved the King's Colors.

When King James was made King of England he had been King of Scotland for some time. As these two countries who had been at war for a good many

years were united under one ruler, King James decided to unite their flags.

The flag of Scotland had been the same for so many years that no one could tell how it came to be their flag. It was a white Cross of St. Andrew on a field or background of blue. And ever since Prince Edward, who afterward became King of England, went to the wars in the Holy Lands and heard the story of St. George and the Dragon he had used the Red Cross of St. George and it had been the flag of his country from that time.

King James laid the Red Cross of St. George upon the Scottish flag and called it the King's Colors. This red, white and blue banner floated over Captain John Smith's settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, and waved over every ship that left England or Scotland.

So, from the mainmast of the *Mayflower* the King's Colors were flung to the breeze and at her foremast fluttered the Cross of St. George to show that she hailed from England.

At first the weather was fair and the Pilgrims could be on deck, but soon, as winter drew near, storms began to wrack the little ship and the one hundred and two passengers were crowded below.

Wind and waves struck against her hull until some of the seams in her sides began to spread. A fine salt water spray sifted over the passengers and their clothes were always damp.

While the storms were raging a little baby was born who was named Oceanus Hopkins because he was born on the ocean.

One day, while the sea tossed the little bark about, a young man, John Howland, happened to get above the gratings and as the ship pitched was washed overboard; but as he fell he managed to grab the end of a rope which hung from the topsail halyards; and as he dropped into the sea the rope ran out until John Howland was many fathoms under the sea but still clinging to the rope.

By the time the Pilgrims and sailors had drawn the rope in, John Howland was rather weak and full of salt water. They managed to haul him on board with a boat hook, but he was quite ill. However, in a couple of days he was around as well as any of them.

Soon after this it was noticed that the main beam was cracked. It seemed dangerous to go on and dangerous to go back and they were wondering what they should do when one of the passengers darted below. When he came on deck he had a large iron jackscrew in his hand.

"Will this help any?" he asked.

"'Tis the very thing," answered John Alden. "With this screw we can fasten up the beam and, with a post underneath it, the ship will be able to go on." And so the *Mayflower* sailed onward.

It was late in November when they finally sighted

land but as the captain said it was Cape Cod and not the part of America on which they meant to land, they steered their course southward. But before they had gone very far they ran into rough water.

Captain Jones decided that it would be best to go back to Cape Cod Bay.

On the twenty-first of November, a time when the wind on the Massachusetts coast is bleak and cold, the *Mayflower* rounded the end of Cape Cod and anchored in the bay which is now known as the harbor of Provincetown.

The London company which had sent them had no control over Cape Cod, and their rules of government did not hold good.

Therefore, before they landed, a compact was drawn up in that little cabin of the *Mayflower*. Each man, who was over twenty-one years of age, and who was not too ill to come into the cabin, signed his name and promised to stick to the others and obey the laws which they would make.

Then they asked John Carver to be their governor and chose Elder Brewster to be their leader in the church.

Captain Miles Standish was made captain of their little army of about twenty able-bodied men. They had no uniforms but each carried a sword and a clumsy matchlock musket and wore armour, and each had plenty of courage.

They felt that the sooner they found a place and started their homes the better it would be, for the sailors were eager to sail for home. Sometimes the Pilgrims were afraid Captain Jones would sail away and leave them stranded on that lonesome coast.

Their shallop (or small sail boat), which they had cut in four parts and stowed between decks, had been spread apart because the boys and young men had lain in it. Instead of being able to get it ready for use in a day as John Alden hoped to do, sixteen or seventeen days passed before it was put together.

When Miles Standish with the little army went on shore he found the land heavily wooded with oaks and pines, birch, holly and ever so many kinds of trees and vines. They went back to the *Mayflower* with a great load of juniper which those on board were very glad to get as their wood was all gone.

On Monday the women landed and washed their clothes in some little pools of fresh water which Captain Standish found on the shore. While they washed, the children gathered sticks and kept fires going.

Captain Miles Standish, William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Tilley set out with a few others to find a better place to make their homes, for in this bay the *Mayflower* had to anchor three quarters of a mile away from the shore. It was very shal-

low, and each time the Pilgrims landed some of them had to wade a way to pull the long boat up onto the beach.

On a high cliff they found a mound in which there were some baskets of corn. The men were much pleased for they could use some of the corn for food which they needed and some they could save for planting in the spring. The rest they left in the mound.

When they got back to the ship they found that Dorothy Bradford had fallen overboard and been drowned; and the first white child in New England had been born. Little Perigrine White had been born that day.

As William Butten had passed away just outside of Cape Cod Bay there were still one hundred and two Pilgrims on the *Mayflower*.

After several trips in the shallop, the men found a cozy little harbor which had been named Plymouth by Captain John Smith. A stream of fresh water ran down into the bay and the land looked very pleasant to them.

On the twenty-first of December the Pilgrims landed on a rock at Plymouth. In front of them were dense forests where savages dwelt and where wild beasts lurked in the shadows. Between them and the nearest settlement at New Amsterdam (New York) lay many dangers, and behind them was the wide

ocean over which they had just passed and which separated them from the civilized world.

Everything they needed they would have to do for themselves, but they had found a land where they could worship God in their own way and bring up their children to be good Englishmen. They fell on their knees underneath their banner, the King's Colors, and thanked God for His goodness to them.

Each day they went on land and while the men chopped trees and built log houses, the women made soup and washed their clothes and the children kept the fires going and waited on the men. Each night they went back to the *Mayflower* to sleep.

It was not easy to build the houses, for almost all of the men were ill from colds they had caught on board the *Mayflower* and from wading in the cold water.

The log houses had to be put together with wooden pegs for they had no nails. The windows were pieces of paper dipped in linseed oil and their roofs were covered with thatch.

In a few weeks the storehouse built on the hill was finished and four cannons mounted around it, and they brought their supplies from the ship.

Soon seven little houses were built along the one street down by the shore. As each one was finished a family moved into it.

The winter was long and, although a mild one for

that part of America, the Pilgrims suffered from the cold. Every day some one of them died. Those who were able to walk around were busy taking care of those who were too ill to move. When spring came only fifty-one of the one hundred and two who landed in New England were alive.

In spite of all these trials not one of the Pilgrim Forefathers offered to go back in the *Mayflower* when it sailed in the spring.

Sometimes when they were out exploring the men would see signs of Indians. Once, when Miles Standish and Francis Cooke were cutting wood in the forests, they left their axes leaning against a tree. When they went back for them the Indians had taken them. After this they were sure Indians were around watching them and they carried muskets with them whereever they went.

The winter passed and on one of the days of early spring when the snow melted in little rivers, a tall fine looking Indian came walking down their only street. In one hand he carried a bow and in the other he had two arrows.

The children, frightened, stopped their play and men paused in their work.

"Welcome," said the Indian in very good English. "Welcome."

The Pilgrims could hardly believe their own ears when they heard the English word.

"I am Samoset," said the Indian as some of the men stepped up to him. He explained that he had learned to speak English from some fishermen.

The Pilgrims were very glad to make friends with Samoset. They gave him butter and biscuit, some cheese and pudding and a piece of duck.

Samoset was very much pleased and said he would like to spend the night.

Captain Miles Standish did not like to offend the Indian and although they did not trust him they made him comfortable for the night. He slept in Stephen Hopkins' house and several of the men watched him until dawn.

In the morning they gave him a good breakfast and he went away saying he would come again. A few days afterward, he appeared with another Indian named Squanto who was the last of the tribe who had lived in Patuxet which the Pilgrims had named Plymouth.

Squanto loved the white men. He taught them how to plant corn in hills with a dead fish in each for fertilizer, and he told them how to cook the sap of the maple tree and make maple sugar.

One day Squanto came into the little town and said that the Chief Massasoit who lived on the Taunton River was outside the stockade with about sixty Indian braves.

But it was not until Miles Standish had sent several messages to Massasoit, by Squanto first and

then by Edward Winslow, that the Pilgrims would allow the Indian chief to enter the little town. Even then they allowed only twenty Indian braves to come with him and those had to leave their bows and arrows outside. As Massasoit came down the street the Pilgrims beat their drums and blew their trumpets to make a great ceremony of the chief's visit and he was very much pleased. Before he left that day Massasoit had decided to be a good friend of the Pilgrims.

Massasoit had an enemy, Canonicus, who was very jealous of the white man's friendship for Massasoit. One day he sent a messenger with a rattlesnake skin filled with arrows to show the Pilgrims that he was going to make war on them.

Captain Miles Standish and the governor were quite angry. Very quickly Miles Standish filled the snake skin with buckshot and sent it back by Squanto who frightened Canonicus by telling him that the English had evil spirits locked up in their cellars. After that the Indian chief let the little colony alone.

Thus the Pilgrims came to America. Not to make their fortunes in the great land but because they wished to find a place where they could worship God as they thought best. They made their own laws and elected their own governors.

And over them waved the red, white and blue flag, the King's Colors, for they were English people who still, although far away, loved England.

## *THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT*

*In the name of GOD, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James; by the grace of GOD, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King; Defender of the Faith; &c.*

*Having undertaken for the glory of GOD, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of GOD and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a Civil Body Politic, for our better ordering and preservation; and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which, we promise all due submission and obedience.*

*In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland 18, and of Scotland 54. Anno Domini 1620.*

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*While the colony at Plymouth was growing, Peter Minuit, leading a little band of people from Finland and Sweden, came to America and settled on the banks of the Delaware River. Above the fort they built waved the Swedish flag, light blue with a yellow cross; but, in a few years the little colony of New Sweden was swallowed up by its neighbor New Netherlands, and the blue flag gave place to the striped flag of Holland which had been changed and was now red, white and blue. Soon afterward, the English claimed the land on which the Dutch had built their settlement, because of John Cabot's voyage, and as Peter Stuyvesant, the governor, received no help from Holland he was forced to give up the colony without striking a blow.*

*By 1707, when Queen Anne decided to make the English flag a red one, with the King's Colors in the corner, the English owned the whole eastern coast of America, from the French colony in Quebec, down to the Spanish settlements in Florida. Over thirteen colonies, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and*

*South Carolina and Georgia, waved the new English flag.*

*These colonists made their homes in the wilderness of a new land without aid or protection from England, all except Georgia, whose people were very poor and had to have help in order to get started. They raised their own train-bands, or militia, bought their own cannon and gunshot, and built their own forts in defence against their common enemies, the French at the north, the Spaniards in the south and the Indians at their backs. Each colony had its own flag and each train-band had its own little banner which it brought out on every occasion.*

*By the time one hundred and fifty years had passed since the first English settler came, the colonies had grown into a large, self-supporting and self-governing people, proud of their connection with the motherland, England, but equally as proud and jealous of their rights as colonists.*

*The war with France, the French and Indian War, in which France had had to give up her rights in America, was very expensive for England, although the colonists bore their share and fought as bravely as any men in the British army. The King's pocketbook grew quite lean and the chests of the treasury were almost empty. The King and his advisers put their heads together; but, where to get the money easily they did not know, until they thought of the colonists.*

*They put up a bill in Parliament, that everything taken into the colonies and bought by them would have to bear a stamp for which the Americans would have to pay. Every marriage licence, every bond, document, lease or legal paper would have a stamp. They decided that the colonists ought not to object, for, as someone said, they had been planted by England's care and nourished by her indulgence.*

*Then up rose Colonel Barré, a friend of the Americans.*

*"They planted by your care!" he cried. "No, your oppression planted them in America! They fled from your tyranny! . . . They nourished by your indulgence. No! they grew by your neglect of them! . . . The crown never gave a farthing except to Georgia. . . . The others struggled on through the gloom and hardship, unaided and alone, from feebleness to strength! . . . The treatment of the deputies sent to rule over them has caused the blood of those* sons of liberty *to recoil within them!"*

*The speech caused great excitement in Parliament, where the colonies had many friends, but the bill was passed because the King wished it.*

*In America when the people heard of it they were furious.*

*The stamp itself was only a little piece of blue paper on which was printed a double Tudor rose surrounded by a circle, meaning the royal garter, above*

*which was a crown. On the face of the stamp was a piece of tinfoil with two ends which were to be fastened to the paper to be stamped; and, on the other side, where the two ends came together, another sticker was placed to keep the stamp from falling off. On the bottom was printed the price, the tax the Americans were to pay.*

*The stamp was small but it upset a whole country.*

*"Taxation without representation is tyranny!" was the cry.*

*The colonists met in separate congresses and decided not to use the stamps. They formed clubs called the "Sons of Liberty," from Colonel Barré's words, and they put up liberty poles from which they hung flags to call the meetings.*

*There were at that time almost three million people in the colonies; and when the King saw that they would not buy goods on which there was a tax; that they were wearing homespun instead of English woolens and drinking hot water flavored with herbs from the garden for tea, rather than pay the taxes, he decided to take back the Stamp Act.*

*"We'll remove the taxes," he said, "but to show them that I am still their King, we'll leave a tiny tax on the tea!"*

*When the ships laden with tea came into the harbors, they were turned about and sent home again or the tea was unloaded and packed in damp cellars*

*where it rotted; but, in Boston, patriots dressed as Mohawk Indians dumped the tea into the bay.*

*Then the King decided to take away the charter of Massachusetts, destroying her free government, and to close the Port of Boston—*

## THE FIRST LIBERTY FLAG IN AMERICA

EVER since the early days of the village of Taunton, Massachusetts, the green had been the meeting place.

When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, twenty-six miles away, the place had been Cohannet, and was the Indian's land. Through it Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins had followed their guide Squanto on their way to Mount Hope to make a friendly call on Massasoit, the great chief and friend of the Pilgrims.

After Elizabeth Poole bought the land from the Indians and in 1637 with a few hardy friends led a small herd of cattle through the woods to Cohannet, the town was called Taunton.

As soon as the little fort and village were finished a plot of ground was set aside and called the training ground or the green.

There, every so often, Captain Poole gathered his little band of brave pioneer men and for hours the clearing echoed with the thud of their heavy shoes on the earth and the clank of their armour and their swords, as they trained to be ready to defend their homes at a moment's notice. For those were the days when the sight of a party of Indians on their way to

a council would frighten the townsmen of Taunton to speechlessness, and send the women and children scurrying to the stockade and fort.

Many times in those early days the tomahawk had thudded against the palings of the palisade, and many times the settlers had grabbed their flintlocks as the blood-curdling warwhoop of the Indians had rung out in the forest.

Ever since the King had put a tax on everything brought into the colonies from England, the Sons of Liberty had met on the village green as their grandfathers had done when Taunton was very young.

One day in the spring of the year 1774, while three small boys were fishing near the dam in the village of Taunton, the sound of a galloping horse coming rapidly down the Boston road made them drop their nets and listen. Those were stirring times and a horse coming from Boston meant a message of some kind from that troubled town.

Hastily gathering up their fishing-nets and the basket of herrings they had just bailed out of the nets, they ran as fast as their legs could take them to the corn-house, where they left the herring to be dried for the poor, and sped away to the village green.

The dust covered horseman had dismounted and stood, surrounded by some friends, on the steps of the tavern. As he stepped through the doorway he turned and flinging out his arm scattered some sheets

Raising the First Liberty Flag in America - Taunton

of paper into the crowd of boys who had gathered so rapidly.

"Take them home, take them home!" he cried as he disappeared within the inn.

"They've closed Boston Harbor!" cried one of the little fishermen as he read the printed page around whose edge ran a deep black band of mourning. "They've closed the Port of Boston!" he said as he turned to gaze at his comrades.

"Aye, boys," said Zephaniah Leonard who stood near and had seen their awestruck looks. "Boston Harbor's closed. The King thinks he'll show the people that they'll have to pay the tax and that they can't dump his tea into salt water!"

"It's just about the last straw," said Ebenezer Cobb as he came up to Zephaniah Leonard. "The King thinks we're slaves. He forgets that for one hundred and fifty years we've made our own laws and that, until we began to think he was unjust, we were good loyal free Englishmen. He thinks he can tax our tea and make us like to drink it. But he can't, and he'll find that out soon enough!"

"Aye, 'tis true. He thinks to punish us, like children, for the Boston Tea Party," muttered Nicholas Baylies. "But not so loud, friend. Didn't you see Daniel Leonard come out of his house and stand behind you? He heard you, I'm sure, by the black looks he jabbed at your back."

"I hope he did hear," answered Ebenezer Cobb. "I'd have said the same thing if I had known he stood behind me, the old Tory! A few years ago he was as excited and angry as any of us about the Stamp Act. He had enough to say then! Yes, and he's said enough on the other side since. Now, since he's been up to Boston and Governor Hutchinson made such a to-do over him, he's changed his tune. He thinks, now, that we should pay the tea tax and submit to the King."

"I've no use for the Tory turncoat! Everyone knows how he feels," said Zephaniah Cobb.

"Here comes Parson," said Ebenezer. "He'll know what brings Paul Revere here in such haste."

"Paul Revere always rides like the wind, but today I think he has more reason than these hand bills," replied Nicholas.

"Good day, Parson Barnum," spoke Ebenezer as soon as the minister came near them. "You'll know the news. Why does Paul Revere ride at such speed? We would have had news of the Port Bill by the post tomorrow."

"Paul Revere is on a great mission, my lads," said Caleb Barnum, the minister. "Paul rides to tell the colonies of the King's latest folly. Governor Gates has closed the Port of Boston and across its entrance lie seven British ships. Boston'll do no trading while they are there. 'Tis likely that the other colonies will

be as angry as we, for after all we stand together where our rights are concerned."

"Aye, the Sons of Liberty in every town will be up in arms about this," said Ebenezer.

"The King forgets that for this very thing, for the unjust treatment given them in England by the rulers, the Pilgrims came to these shores. They came to be free, even though loyal subjects of the King," said Caleb Barnum.

"Ah," he added after a moment, "Paul is away again. He carries a circular letter to all the colonies, for he hopes they will meet together to talk over the best thing to be done for the country. He's asking the sympathy of the other colonies. Mark my words, men, something big will come of this!"

Down the road Paul Revere galloped again. And in every colony when the people heard his news they were angry at the way Boston was being treated.

Before long, droves of cattle and cartloads of grain were being driven up to Boston to help feed the people.

As Colonel Gadsen of Virginia sent out a ship load of rice to Salem for the Boston people he sent them word:

"Do not touch an ounce of that tea!"

This message was very encouraging to the people of Boston, for Virginia was a great colony whose

men had always stood by the King. If Virginia believed they were doing right Boston felt encouraged.

Before very long, when Paul Revere galloped back to Boston with the news that every colony said that if the army of Governor Gage made a move to harm the Boston people militia from every colony stood ready to go to their aid, Massachusetts felt better. Paul Revere told them also that the colonies had promised to send men to meet in a Continental Congress to decide what to do for the country.

During that summer of 1774 the sound of the blacksmith's hammer rang out as he beat the iron into swords, and a smell of hot lead was on the air, for the patriots were making bullets. Their guns were oiled and their powder horns filled and hanging near the door.

In September while the first Continental Congress was meeting in Philadelphia, while Patrick Henry, clad in sober gray, was saying that the colonies must stick together, General Gage stationed soldiers around Boston and cut her off from the rest of the world. When this news reached Taunton the Sons of Liberty gathered on the green in a large meeting. They began to think that Massachusetts would have to fight for their rights but they waited for General Gage to make the first move.

The day after the meeting, early in the morning the woodman's axe was heard in the wood. Those who

were watching saw the tallest pine around, quiver and shake as the mighty blows struck against its sides. All of a hundred and twenty-five feet it stood, looking down on its neighbors.

But in a short time it fell, crashing and shrieking and lay trembling on the bed of autumn leaves and pine needles.

On the day of October twenty-first the tall pine tree lay, stripped of its bark and its branches and wearing a weather vane at its top, on the village green.

While in one of the neighboring houses some of the goodwives of Taunton put the finishing stitches into a bright red banner.

The crowd on the village green grew larger and larger. Farmers from all over Bristol County had ridden to town. The hatmaker, the shoemaker, the storekeeper and the innkeeper had left their work and gathered on the green. Even the blacksmith's hammer was silent.

Down the street came Parson Caleb Barnum and with him the doctor, David Cobb, who was beloved by all.

Then strong arms braced, ropes pulled, and slowly the tall tree rose in the air until it stood straight upright in its socket, a pole one hundred and twelve feet high.

As it rose a cheer went up from the crowd. Then as

the scarlet banner, which had been finished but a short time before, was fastened to the rope and slowly mounted toward the blue of the sky, cheer after cheer rent the air. Eben Sumner beat his drum and young Eben Pitts piped as loudly as he could, trying to be heard against the clamor of the church bell.

Up, up, climbed the flag!

It was the same banner which had been the English flag since 1707 when Queen Anne had made it so. In the corner of the banner was the flag of the Pilgrims, the red, white and blue of the King's Colors, but across its red field, in white letters so that all could see were the words,

"LIBERTY AND UNION"

"Union and Liberty," cried the crowd.

"Huzza! Liberty and Union." The cry came from a hundred throats.

Louder and louder beat the drummers. Louder and louder played the pipers but they were drowned out by the clamor of the bells and the roar of the cannon.

Then a hush came over the crowd as the Parson stepped up on the platform. As he asked God to give His blessing to the people who had raised this flag, all bowed their heads in silent prayer.

When the prayer was over he raised his hand for further silence.

"These words are printed on the pole," he said. "'*Crescit Amor patrias Liberatisque Cupido*' which means, 'The love of liberty grows.'

"And below it are these words:

"'*Be it known to the present, and to all future generations, that the Sons of Liberty in Taunton, fired with a zeal for the preservation of their rights as men and as American Englishmen, and prompted by a just resentment of the wrongs and injuries offered to the English colonies in general and to this province in particular, through the unjust claims of a British Parliament and the Machiavelian policy of the British ministry, have erected this monument of liberty standard as a testimony of their fixed resolution to preserve sacred and inviolate their birth rights and charter rights and to resist even unto blood all attempts for their subversion or abridgement.*'"

As he finished, men looked into their neighbors' eyes as though to read each other's thoughts. And those who were on the outskirts came near to read the words and to look up against the blue of the sky where the beautiful banner, the first flag of liberty, waved over Taunton green.

Now the crowd was hushed. A feeling of awe came over them as they thought of what the flag meant to them. In their hearts each man felt a tremor as though he could see the long struggle ahead.

Alone, in the midst of those who had been his friends and neighbors, stood Daniel Leonard, the Tory, sneering and stroking his chin and, for once, not daring to speak his mind.

*During that winter of 1774 after the First Liberty Flag was raised at Taunton, in the towns of New England the patriots began to gather together powder and muskets and hide them away for safe keeping against the day when General Gage should try to force the Regulating Act which took away the rights of the people of Massachusetts to elect their own officers and which would destroy their free government.*

*They drilled their militia every day and chose from among them Minute Men who were to be ready, at a moment's notice, to march against General Gage's Redcoats, when he should make the first move.*

*Then came the news that the British meant to capture the stores hidden at Concord and, on the way there, to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams who were staunch patriots.*

*Dr. Joseph Warren in Boston, on the eighteenth of April, 1775, noticed that the British army, stationed in the town, were given a whole day without drill or other work. It was very unusual.*

*That night—*

## THE BEDFORD FLAG

NATHANIEL PAGE was sound asleep in his four post bed in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Over his head the pink and blue ruffle on the tester waved back and forth in the breeze, for it was April and the shutters were open for air.

In the trees outside the birds had just begun to peep and twitter softly among the tender green leaves although it was not yet dawn.

Suddenly Nathaniel lifted his head and listened. From far down the Lexington road there came the sound of loud voices and the clatter of a horse's hoofs as they struck the hard dirt and loose cobblestones.

Nathaniel leaped from his downy bed and without waiting for dressing gown or slippers ran to the window.

"The Redcoats are out," came the shout in the village where lights had begun to appear in every house along the road.

"The Redcoats are marching! The British are out!" came the cry in the night.

"Sounds like young Jonah Wood. He rides like the wind, too! 'The British are out!' he's crying," said

Nathaniel as calmly as he could to his wife who now leaned over his shoulder.

"Ah! what will happen now?" wailed his wife.

"The Minute Men will have to show the British that they can fight!" answered Nathaniel. "Ah, it *is* Jonah. I thought I recognized his voice," added Nathaniel.

By this time the rider had galloped to the gate and flinging his reins over the post threw himself from his horse and rapped loudly with the knocker.

"Jonah, it's you, lad!" cried Nathaniel. "I'll be there in a minute!"

"The Redcoats are coming!" came the voice of the fifteen-year-old boy as he pounded on the door again. "Hasten, Nathaniel."

As quickly as he could, Nathaniel who at the first sounds of "The Redcoats are coming," had begun to draw on his clothes, finished dressing and in another moment sped down the stairs, pulled back the bolts and flung open the door.

"The Redcoats are marching," cried young Jonah Wood, breathlessly.

"Sit down, lad," said Nathaniel calmly for he did not wish to frighten his wife who stood wide-eyed on the stairs. "Catch your breath. Any one would think the British never marched before."

"Well, this time they mean business," said the young lad. "Yesterday Dr. Joseph Warren in Boston

had word from a good daughter of liberty that the British were on the move. She said 'They are marching on Lexington to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams who were visiting Jonas Clarke, the minister. From there they are going to Concord to capture our stores.' Joseph Warren watched. He told William Dawes to be ready to alarm the people on the Roxbury road and ride with all speed to Lexington to warn John Hancock and Sam Adams. Then he sent Paul Revere across to the Charleston shore. A signal was planned, to put one lantern in the belfry of North Church if the British marched by Roxbury; but, if they rowed across to Charleston and took the short way to Lexington he would hang two lights there." Jonas paused for breath.

"And how many were there, one or two?" asked Nathaniel impatiently.

"There were two," answered Jonas. "And Paul Revere rode as he never rode before, waking every town in Middlesex. When he rode into Lexington the guard of Minute Men around Jonas Clarke's house tried to keep him quiet. 'Don't make so much noise,' they whispered. 'Noise!' shouted Paul Revere, 'you'll have noise enough soon! The Redcoats are coming.' With that, Hancock called him in, and straightway said he would not flee from any Redcoat. After a time Jonas Clarke and Captain Parker coaxed the two patriots to get away as they would

be more good to the province free than in prison. So they escaped over the meadows.

"By that time William Dawes came up making a great racket, and Dr. Samuel Prescott, too. All three went galloping on to Concord. Then Captain Parker sent me to rouse the Minute Men here in Bedford, others have gone to Acton and every town around, with the alarm. And as I was riding out I met a Minute Man who had just seen Dawes and Revere in the hands of some Redcoat soldiers riding back to Boston, for it seems Gage had soldiers posted along the road to stop any messengers. But Prescott, they say, escaped over a fence and is by now in Concord."

Just then they were interrupted by the sound of a drum in the village street.

"Page, Page," the men were calling. Nathaniel Page was half way up the narrow ladder to the loft.

"I'll be down in a moment. There's something here I can't forget," called he. "It's been waiting for this day, all rolled up and hidden in the loft."

In a few minutes he came down carrying a pole on which was a roll of cloth carefully done up in a piece of dark paper.

"Did you think I would go without this?" he cried as he took the paper from the pole and shook out the folds of a small banner about two feet square.

"There," he said, "my father, John Page, carried

this banner when he was ensign in Captain William Reed's troop of horse in 1737. I'll carry it to Concord this day!"

"Oh, Nathaniel," cried his wife, "you're not going to Concord!"

"All the Minute Men will be there, my dear," answered Nathaniel, gently, as he fastened on his powder horn and musket.

"Yes, you must do your duty," said his wife bravely, as she kissed him goodbye.

"Here, give me the powder horn and musket. I'm going with you," said Jonah.

"No, lad, you go home," said Nathaniel. But Jonah took the powder horn and musket without another word.

Then Nathaniel raised the flag staff and let the folds of the crimson flag fall open. On the figured damask was painted a silver cloud and out of the cloud came an arm in armour. In the mailed fist a short sword was clenched and on a ribbon scroll, painted in gold, were the words,

"VINCE AUT MORIRE"

"This motto means, 'Conquer or Die,' " said Nathaniel to young Jonah as soon as they stepped into the street.

"Maybe there won't be any shooting," said Jonah, hopefully.

"Well, at any rate the Continental Congress has told us not to be the first to shoot. So the British'll have to begin it," said Nathaniel, "but it seems as though they mean business this time."

When the Minute Men waiting at the inn saw the banner they began to cheer. Then as the drums beat they fell into step behind their leader following the crimson flag and marched up the road to Concord.

When they reached Concord they found that they were not the only farmers out so early. Every moment, more arrived. They came from Acton, and Lincoln and Chelmsford and from all the towns around so that by the time the British appeared, marching steadily to the tune of *Yankee Doodle,* there were about four hundred Minute Men stationed on the hill.

"Have you heard how Lexington came out?" asked Nathaniel of a farmer nearby.

"Why, Captain Parker lined up his men on the green when the British came. Soon, as they faced each other, Major Pitcairn, the head of the Redcoats, rode up and cried,

" 'Disperse, ye Yankees. Why don't ye disperse?' Major Pitcairn gave the order to fire, and when his men hesitated, he fired himself. Eight of our men went down, some dead, and ten were wounded," said the farmer shaking his head sadly as he turned to listen to Joseph Warren who was cheering the men.

All this time the British were looking for the stores which had been taken away as soon as the alarm came. They had been placed under hay in carts driven by children and hidden under pine boughs in the woods.

The Redcoats burned the liberty pole, and managed to find some wagon wheels which they chopped up and some barrels of flour which they spilled and a few barrels of wooden trenchers and spoons. The wheels of the cannon they broke into bits.

Once in a while the British sent a volley of shot toward the hill and as quickly as it was seen the Minute Men sent a few shots back at them. Then they did up their wounds and waited.

As the British came toward the North Bridge, Major Buttrick gave the order to advance.

Down the hill the Minute Men dashed, the crimson flag with its motto, "Conquer or Die," leading the way.

"Fire, men! Fire!" shouted Major Buttrick urging the men on, for the British were taking up the planks of the bridge. Over it the patriots charged behind their leader.

The little bridge shook as they thundered across.

Back fell the Redcoats, back, back, back, until they reached a hill where they rested, wondering how much good they had done.

The Minute Men waited until the Redcoats began

to march back to town. Many more Minute Men had gathered until the British doubted if they would be able to reach Boston without being surrounded by the farmers.

At last they began to move down the hot dusty road. Now and then the fife played the *White Cockade* and now and then they played *Yankee Doodle.* The music was in double quick time and after a while it stopped altogether, for the trained British company was on the run!

From behind each tree and fence came the shots of the Minute Men as they cut across the fields and shot at the Redcoats at every corner.

Hastily and somewhat downcast, the British made their way back to Boston, doing what damage they could as they ran.

They had been no match for the Minute Men who had been trained to fight the Indians from behind the trees since the time their forefathers had come to America.

Tired and hungry, Nathaniel and Jonah and the little company of Minute Men went back to Bedford and once more the beautiful banner which had led them that day, was wrapped in dark paper and laid away in the loft.

One hundred years later it was brought out by one of Nathaniel Page's descendants and since then has been carefully kept in the library at Bedford.

*After the battle, parched with thirst, tired and hungry the British dragged themselves back to Cambridge where, surrounded by a hollow square of their comrades who had come out to meet them, they fell on the ground in exhaustion. They had reached Cambridge just in time, for a little later a powerful band of patriots arrived from Marblehead and Salem.*

*The next morning General Heath, who was in charge of the patriots, sent out his men to gather up a breakfast for his troops. They captured beef and pork which was being prepared for the Boston market and a large quantity of ship's bread meant for the British navy. Thus began the commissariat department of the American army.*

*News of the battle spread rapidly through New England and—*

## THE FLAG OF BUNKER HILL

TRAMP, tramp, tramp came the sounds of marching feet on the hard packed roads. The rumble of wagons heavy laden with corn and wheat mingled with the clank of arms and the creak of wheels under the small cannon.

For, since that morning, April the nineteenth, when the shot from Major Pitcairn's very handsome silver mounted and engraved pistol had startled the birds in the little village of Lexington, since the first volley from the British ranks shot down eight Minute Men on the green, swift riders had galloped into every town in Massachusetts and were on their way to the other colonies.

In every town, on every farm, the Minute Men had taken down their rifles from the shelf over the fireplace, grabbed their powder horns, fastened their pouches of home-made bullets to their belts and their blankets on their backs, and saying goodbye had tramped away up the road to Cambridge.

In Taunton, that night of April nineteenth, the messenger had called out:

"To arms! The British have marched on Lexington and Concord! They've killed our friends and

burned our homes! To arms! To arms! March to the relief of Boston!"

Ebenezer Cobb and Zephaniah Leonard and the parson, too, had gathered their few things together, and before darkness had fallen five companies of Minute Men were marching up the road for the relief of Boston.

Daniel Leonard, the Tory, was on the road, too. But he was not with the brave Minute Men who were his fellow townsmen. He was far ahead.

His narrow yellow coach rattled and clattered over the road as rapidly as his shouting driver could speed the horses. The boxes on top banged and bumped against the roof of the coach as it lurched from side to side. While inside Daniel Leonard clutched the straps and braced his feet to steady himself and keep from falling out.

His neckcloth was under one ear and his wig was slightly awry, but he cared little for that. His greatest wish was to get to Boston with all speed, for the Minute Men of Taunton had shown him that they would not have him for a neighbor any longer.

They had gathered on his front lawn and his fine house was scarred with bullet wounds from their muskets. Stones and clumps of grass flung against the great front door had shown him how his fellow townsmen felt about his change from a good Amer-

ican to a Tory on the side of the King. As quickly as he could he had gathered his boxes and taking the warning was on his way to join the Tories in Boston.

The driver cracked his whip and snapped it over the horses flanks as on they galloped.

Behind him, many miles behind, came the trudge of hundreds of pairs of feet, as, all night long, the patriots of Taunton marched until weary and foot-sore they tramped into Roxbury and Cambridge in the early morning of the day after the battle.

On every road leading to Boston, from every colony in New England came the tread of marching men.

Along the way the candle light shone in the houses, the kettles hung before the fire and the salt was on the table beside the loaf. No patriot went hungry on that long march.

Before General Gage had time to think the great army of New England patriots surrounded him. Everywhere he gazed, except out toward the sea, their camps dotted the scenery.

Day after day the Minute Men arrived in Cambridge. From Connecticut came troops under Israel Putnam and from New Hampshire they came trudging behind Colonel John Stark, the sturdy Indian fighter. Up the road from Rhode Island, Nathaniel Greene, the Quaker who had learned his army train-

ing from books, came leading his brave company.

By June, sixteen thousand men were camping on the highlands around Boston.

On the fifteenth of June, the Committee of Safety in Boston learned that General Gage had decided to seize Bunker's Hill the next day so that he would not be completely hemmed in by the Americans. The leaders of the New England army decided to take it first and throw up some kind of a fort before the British could sally forth from the town.

About six o'clock on the evening of June sixteenth, thirteen hundred Minute Men paraded on the Cambridge Common and listened to a prayer for their safety by President Samuel Langdon of Harvard College.

When night fell and when the twinkling stars came out their lights shone on the slumbering town of Boston. In the Charles River and the Mystic River lay four British men-of-war whose small lanterns dimly showed their positions where they rested like dark blots upon the darker waters.

Calm and unsuspecting the British slept in Boston, and in the ships riding the bay.

"Ten o'clock and all is well on board His Majesty's Ship *Lively*," came the cry from the watch on board the man-of-war.

"All's well aboard the *Somerset*," came a moment later.

The Flag at Bunker Hill

"All's well aboard the *Glasgow,*" echoed the sentinel.

While from farther on, faintly was heard:

"All's well aboard the *Cerebus.* Ten o'clock and all's well!"

But all was not well for them. On the shore a dark shadow like a long tailed dragon crept over the road and made its way up the hills in back of the tiny town of Charleston.

Colonel Prescott with two men lighting the way with dim lanterns, led a little army of thirteen hundred men along the road to Bunker's Hill. In the darkness the banner of New England could not be seen, for the moon had not yet risen.

Treading noiselessly, each man carrying his musket, his own blanket and enough food for a day, they followed their leader. Behind them, the wheels wrapped in rags to silence them, came the wagons filled with tools, shovels, pickaxes and spades.

When the silent army reached the narrow strip of land that joins Charleston with the mainland, Major General Putnam who had gone on ahead, came riding toward them.

After a few moments of conversation Colonel Prescott and Putnam decided to take Breed's Hill instead of Bunker's Hill as it was nearer Boston.

Quietly they crept to the top of Breed's Hill and laying aside their guns took up the spades.

"Twelve o'clock and all is well!" The cry came clearly from the ships in the bay.

"Twelve o'clock and Boston sleeps," came the far-away voice of a sentinel on Copp's Hill in the town.

Up on Breed's Hill thirteen hundred men laughed softly in the dark, for they had been at work for some time. By the faint light of covered lanterns they had worked until, when the moon rose in all her silver glory, a wall of earth had been built on the top of the hill of pasture land.

As morning drew nearer, higher and higher grew the wall under the watchful eyes of Richard Gridley the engineer. Shovel after shovel they threw up the dirt, and clod after clod the clumps of clover and grass thudded on the top of the wall. Stone after stone they piled it up until it was six feet high. On the top they placed their banner.

The first rays of rosy dawn shone on a gay blue banner proudly floating above the crude breastworks. Its field was blue, as blue as sapphire, and in the canton or corner was the Red Cross of St. George and in the white square nearest the staff was the symbol or sign of New England, the green pine tree.

The men took off their three cornered hats and waved them in silent salute as the early breeze opened up the folds of the beautiful emblem.

Down in the *Lively* the captain was rudely awakened by his sentry.

"On the hill! The rebels!" he cried, pointing through the window of the cabin to which he had run as soon as the sun picked out the flag on the high wall.

"The rebels!" exclaimed the captain in dismay. "Load and give them a volley!"

The beautiful calm of the June morning was rent by the thundering voice of the ship's guns as they sent cannon ball after cannon ball pelting against the fort on the hill.

General Gage leaped from his bed and ran out upon the roof. On the grassy slope, where yesterday the lowing cattle grazed contentedly, a wall of earth and bristling guns met his eyes. The sun glinted on muskets, and a flag waved saucily in the summer breeze.

Around the top of the wall, as though out for his morning stroll, Colonel Prescott walked slowly, fearless of the cannonade. The air was so clear they could see his blue coat and three cornered hat.

"Who is it?" asked General Gage of an officer.

"It's my brother-in-law, Colonel Prescott, the Indian fighter."

"Will he fight?" asked Gage.

"Will he fight!" repeated the officer. "Yes, to the last drop of his blood!"

Behind the works the Americans ate their breakfasts, counted out their homemade bullets and measured out the powder while they waited.

All morning a steady fire was kept up from the ships and floating batteries. Shot and shell whistled against the earthen walls on Breed's Hill until three in the afternoon, while they waited.

Over in Boston they could see the roofs of the houses crowded with people and even from the church steeples they hung, watching.

Major Putnam began to build a wall on Bunker's Hill and John Stark came marching in from Medford and stationed his men along the low stone fence covered with hay.

Then the British were seen to cross the waters of the bay and forming in straight lines charged the hill.

On they came! Their red coats seemed redder still in the blazing sun of that warm June day.

"Don't fire 'til you see the whites of their eyes!" cried Prescott.

Up the hill marched the brave British, the flower of the English army.

"Fire!" came the command from Colonel Prescott as he stood on the wall beneath the gay banner.

Down went the officers and a great hole was made in the line of British soldiers, for it was a deadly

volley from the guns of men trained to fight the Indians.

Back down the hill retreated the Redcoats. In Charleston they waited for more troops to come over from Boston, and while they waited a few marksmen began to shoot at them.

Angry and alarmed, the British soldiers rushed into the houses, setting fire to them as they went. Like straw, the wooden frame houses went up in smoke and flames.

Behind the smoke the British formed again but a gentle breeze carried the smoke the other way and the patriots inside the fort saw them as they came up the hill.

The patriots loaded and fired again, and the British fell back, leaving many of their number on the grassy slope.

Once more they formed and came up the hill and the patriots whose spirits seemed to droop at the sight of the burning town, fired again. But the British were advancing, with bayonets fixed. On, on they came.

"Courage, men," cried Colonel Prescott. "See, here comes 'Old Put' with his Connecticut troops. He carries their banner himself!"

"Take heart, for help is coming," cried Dr. Joseph Warren who had just arrived from the Pro-

vincial Congress. "Read their motto, 'God who brought us hither, sustains us!' Fight, fight for your homes and liberty!"

But there was no more powder. The Minute Men used the ends of their muskets as clubs, they picked up stones and threw them, but nothing could stop that deadly bayonet charge of the British.

Colonel Prescott gave the word to fall back not a moment too soon. Backward down the slope, back over Bunker's Hill, back down to the narrow strip of land connecting Charleston with the mainland the Americans retreated. For lack of ammunition the Minute Men left the hill.

The flag of Bunker Hill waved sadly as they went, while up on the wall the flag of England took its place and flung out its scarlet folds for all to see.

The British had won the hill and had fought bravely but they had lost many of their officers and hundreds of their men lay motionless on the grassy slope.

*The battles at Lexington and Concord had been fought by the Massachusetts men alone; but, in the wee small hours of the next morning the Committee of Safety of Boston sent out a plea for help to the other New England provinces.*

*"We shall be glad," they said, "if the brethren who come to our aid bring their own guns and shot and powder as we have scarcely enough for ourselves."*

*The brethren needed no urging.*

*Ethan Allen and Seth Warner set out, at the head of their bands of Green Mountain Boys, to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point and Benedict Arnold overtook them on the way.*

*In Connecticut—*

## THE FLAG OF THE CONNECTICUT MINUTE MEN

WHEN the swift messenger arrived in Pomfret, Connecticut, the day after the Battle of Lexington and Concord, Israel Putnam was trudging along beside a team of oxen drawing a plow. The plow was guided by his young son Daniel who was about fifteen years old.

"Gee," shouted Israel Putnam, "Haw!"

The fresh turned dirt smelled sweet and earthy in the warm spring air. Now and then Putnam wiped his brow and now and then he dried his moist hands on his sleeve or the leg of his breeches. They were streaked with dirt and held up by one suspender.

"Tomorrow," he said to Daniel, "we'll plant the oats and corn, for spring is surely here. See the daffodils and violets."

"Gee," and "Haw," he called again.

"See, father," said the boy as he stumbled over the furrows, "here comes sister Mehitable's husband!"

"Have you heard the news?" asked Daniel Tyler as he came toward them. "The British marched on

Lexington early yesterday morning and killed eight of our men!"

Israel Putnam dropped the reins where he stood.

"Then it's war at last! It's been a long time coming but it's here now," he said. "I'm glad I've always said 'Be ready.' Now, we *are* ready!"

"Hey, son," he shouted, although Daniel, his son, stood close to him, "go back to the stable and saddle the gelding. I'm off for town. I'll go to Governor Trumbull. He'll be sorry to hear this although he has ever stood on the side of the colonists. Bring the horse to the house and have him there as soon as I get there," he cried.

"Aye, father," called his son as he set off on a run.

Into the house dashed Colonel Putnam, grabbed his sword, yelled for his three-cornered hat and coat, kissed his wife, and jumped on his horse and was away.

"It's war," he called as he passed through the little town of Brooklyn. "I'm off for the governor's." And so from town to town he galloped, spreading the news and telling the Minute Men to be ready.

The governor was waiting for him when he rode into the yard.

"Well, Putnam, war has come!" said Governor Jonathan Trumbull.

"Yes, but we're ready," answered Putnam, "although we haven't too much powder."

"Then we'll have to make it," replied Jonathan Trumbull who of all the governors of the colonies had turned patriot.

For a short time the governor and the Indian fighter talked; and it was decided that Israel Putnam should go up to Boston and talk with the leaders in Cambridge.

When he galloped back home again after his talk with the governor he found that another messenger had come with the news from Concord.

The whole county seemed to know it. On the green many Minute Men had gathered, ready to follow Israel Putnam up to Boston but he explained that other leaders would direct them. Then without stopping to change his work-soiled clothes, he galloped away to Cambridge.

He passed the Massachusetts Minute Men who were already on the road, and when he arrived in Cambridge early the next day, after having ridden one hundred miles on the same horse, he met the patriots from New Hampshire who had set out at once under John Stark.

A week later, after he had had a chance to talk over the battles of Lexington and Concord with General Artemus Ward, Israel Putnam galloped back to Connecticut.

He found that he had been made Major General

Minute Men Raising their Flag at Cambridge

of the Connecticut troops, for his colony had not been idle while he was gone.

They had decided to raise six regiments of men for the protection of their homes and for the relief of Boston.

Each regiment was to have a different colored flag although they were all to be made alike.

The first was to have a yellow flag, the second a blue, the third, which was Israel Putnam's, was to have scarlet, the fourth, crimson, the fifth white, and the sixth azure blue.

Two thousand Connecticut Minute Men were soon on the way to Cambridge, marching, marching.

On they trudged through the hot dusty days, and finally came to Cambridge where the army of New England was growing larger day by day, and hour by hour.

Israel Putnam was stationed at Cambridge with his regiment while the other Connecticut men were at Roxbury.

Then came the sixteenth of June when some of the Connecticut troops marched away to help build the fortifications on top of Breed's Hill.

During that long hot terrible day the Connecticut men fought by the side of their friends from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

They seemed to be every place where the fighting

was the thickest. The Americans fought bravely and only gave up when their shot and shell was all gone.

Down the slope of Breed's Hill the British bayonets, red and dripping, pushed the remains of the little army, the farmer patriots of New England. And above the shattered wall of sand and stone and grass which the Americans had worked so hard to build and so gloriously to hold waved the red banner of England with its canton of the King's Colors.

Back fell the colonists without their brave Dr. Warren who had fallen at the last, back over Bunker's Hill and down the narrow strip of land to the mainland.

Between the shot and shell that swept the Neck dodged the patriots.

The colored banners of Connecticut, tattered and torn, drooped sadly against the staffs, while the blue flag of New England, with its green pine tree, hung in slithered ribbons, sadly, but fluttering still with a courage that could not be beaten.

Even though the Americans had to fall back they were not discouraged, for in that terrible battle they had learned that they could fight; and they were no longer filled with panic at the thought that they might have to meet the Redcoats.

That night Colonel Prescott and Israel Putnam decided to camp on Prospect Hill near Cambridge, and hold it against the British troops.

Until fresh men came to help them the companies under Israel Putnam shovelled and tossed up dirt and stones to build a wall or rampart on Prospect Hill.

All that night and until late on Sunday afternoon the British sent their great shells into the hills around Boston but the work of fortifying the hills went on.

General Washington arrived and took command of the army and fortified still more hills until the British were surrounded.

On the eighteenth of July a messenger rode into the headquarters of the Continental army with a copy of the letter which Congress had sent to the King.

The four thousand troops on Prospect Hill were called together to the parade ground.

There the paper which had been sent to the King of England, which told just why the Americans were taking up arms against the King's troops, was read.

The paper stated that as soon as England took away her troops the Americans would lay down their arms. But they had made up their minds that they would rather die as free men than live as slaves, as the King seemed to try to make them.

The letter ended by saying that they sent many kind wishes to King George and hoped he, out of the kindness and fairness of his heart, would take his

troops home and give the Americans back their rights.

When this paper had been read to the patriots on Prospect Hill and a prayer had been said, the troops called out together:

"Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

The cannons thundered a salute and a new banner which had just been sent to Major General Putnam was attached to the rope of the flag pole and slowly rose heavenward.

On one side was a white field with the green pine tree of New England and the motto of Massachusetts, "An Appeal to Heaven" in gold. The other side was the scarlet color of Major General Putnam's own regiment, the 3rd regiment of Connecticut. On its flaming folds were painted the three vines which stood for Knowledge—Liberty—Religion—which their forefathers helped to plant in America. Underneath was the motto of Connecticut which had given courage to the brave men at the Battle of Bunker Hill,

"Qui Transtulit, sustinet" (God who brought us here takes care of us).

The pipers played, the drums beat and the cannons roared while the scarlet and white banner mounted to the top of the pole.

Cheer after cheer came from the thousands of men who had left their farms and families to fight for liberty and their rights as free men.

*When the news of Lexington and Concord reached the southern patriots they were filled with sympathy for the people of Massachusetts. Besides, they thought that if the King took away the charter of the Massachusetts colony, he might at any time take the same action against the others and they made up their minds to aid the Massachusetts people in their fight against the troops who had come to enforce the new laws.*

*Colonel George Washington, who had fought so bravely in the French and Indian Wars on the side of the British, wrote from Virginia that, if need be, he would muster one thousand men, fit them out, keep them and march to the relief of Boston.*

*He would, and could, have done this; but, on the tenth of May, the Second Continental Congress met and as a delegate from Virginia Colonel Washington, dressed in his uniform which he had laid aside but which he donned again at the call of his country, attended the meeting—*

## THE FLAG OF THE PHILADELPHIA TROOP OF LIGHT HORSE

In the high panelled room in the State House in Philadelphia the Second Continental Congress was meeting.

The president of the Congress, John Hancock of Boston, sat in his great chair facing the men who had been chosen by the different colonies to attend the meetings.

He was dressed in the height of fashion. His red velvet coat fitted him to perfection and the silver buttons on it shone like glistening dollars. He did not seem to feel at all worried although the English army was going to try to arrest him and the other great leader of the patriots, Samuel Adams, who sat at the meeting next to his cousin John Adams. Patrick Henry who had said, "Give me Liberty or give me Death" was there, and Benjamin Franklin also, who had just returned from England where he had tried so hard to make the English ministers and the King treat the colonies fairly.

There were many others, for every colony had sent two or three men to vote for them in the Congress.

Outside, the sober-dressed Quakers who did not believe in war and so took no part in the doings of the day, paused as a coach and four drew up in front of the State House. They looked to see who alighted from this beautiful coach driven by a colored boy in gay livery.

Down leaped the boy, opened the door of the narrow coach and George Washington dressed in his buff and blue uniform of colonel of the Virginia troops, stepped forth. He was tall and stately and had the bearing of a leader of men.

Bowing to right and left, as he recognized his friends, he entered the State House and took a seat near the back of the room.

That day many things were decided in the Congress. One thing more was still to be done. As long as the Continental Congress had decided to adopt the army of patriots which was camped around Boston, a leader had to be chosen by them.

"I think, as I said before," whispered Samuel Adams to his cousin John Adams, "that the very best thing for the country would be to elect a Southerner to be Commander-in-Chief of the army. And I know of no one better fitted to command these troops than Colonel Washington."

"I think so, too," said John Adams softly. "But you know that John Hancock would like to hold the position."

"I know that," whispered Samuel Adams, "but this is a case of what is best for the country, not a chance to please our friends."

"It's true that nothing would be better. It would bring the North and South a little closer together, if a man so well beloved by the Virginians were to take command of our New England army," said John Adams.

"I shall ask Thomas Johnson of Maryland to propose his name," said Samuel Adams.

When a little later, Colonel Washington sat quietly listening, he was much surprised to hear Thomas Johnson propose his name for Commander-in-Chief. And he left the room so that the men from the colonies could talk the matter over without his presence. The voting did not last long, for every one in the Congress voted that Colonel Washington should be made the Commander-in-Chief of the army which now surrounded Boston.

When Colonel Washington was told that he had been chosen he was overcome and said to his friend, Patrick Henry:

"I fear this will cost me my reputation." For he was so modest that he was afraid he was not the best man they could have chosen.

The next morning when John Hancock as president of the Second Continental Congress gave

Washington
Starting for the Front
—Philadelphia City Troop
in Escort

George Washington his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the army, George Washington very humbly said that he would try to be worthy of the great trust they had in him. He said he would take no pay for his services but he would keep an account of his expenses and if Congress wished later to pay him back for what it cost him he would accept that.

In a few days when he had finished his business in Philadelphia and had written a letter to his wife Martha and to his brother John, he was ready to leave for Boston.

It was a beautiful clear morning on the twenty-third of June, 1775. The gray-clad Friends were going about their business very quietly when the sound of martial music, a fife and drum, was heard.

Then came the blare of trumpets and the sounds of cantering horses.

The people began to gather along the side of the street to watch. The small boys ran in and out of the crowds, falling over each other and pushing the people on the sidewalks as they do now, on circus day.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of prancing hoofs. Louder and louder sounded the fife and drum and around the corner they came marching. Behind them appeared the militia of Philadelphia, and the Sons of Liberty.

After the fife and drum had passed, a flag of amazing beauty appeared as Captain Abram Marhoe's Light Horse Troop of twenty-eight young men cantered into view.

On its long staff the flag shone like gold in the sunlight. Its silver fringe and the silver vine which was worked around the edge glistened and sparkled, for the flag was very new.

Captain Abram Marhoe, a young Dane, had formed this troop in 1774 when the colonies first began to find out that they would have to fight the King of England for their rights. Only a few days before this he had presented the flag to his men.

It was of finest silk and the painting on it was by Claypoole, the artist. On it, in the middle of a dark blue shield was a knot from which thirteen ends of ribbon spread out in a circle. Above the shield was a horse's head and on his forehead a white star could be plainly seen.

On one side of the shield, carrying a bow, was a Continental soldier dressed as an Indian in memory of the Boston Tea Party and on the other side an angel blew a trumpet and carried a staff. The initials L.H. were above the shield while below on a white ribbon was the motto:

"For These We Strive."

Up in the corner was a canton, such as no one had ever seen before. It was made of thirteen stripes, of blue and silver.

Proudly the horses cantered and loudly the boys of the street clapped to see the riders in such gay array, for their uniforms were dark brown short coats turned up with white facings and linings. They wore tall round hats bound with silver cord and roses at the side. Out of the rose a buck's tail stood high up over the back of the tall hat. Their high boots gleamed from polishing as they hung over the brown saddle clothes which were bound in white.

"It's General Washington," every man said to his neighbor.

"It's George Washington, lately elected Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. No one can hold the position better than he."

"No, for although Hancock is a popular man and would have liked the honor of being offered the position, this man can fill it better than he. You remember what he did when Braddock's army was trapped in the woods? No one could have saved the little remains of that army better than he!" Thus they talked at the roadside.

Down the street, over the cobblestone pavement, past the State House whose clock showed that it was still early in the day, past the waiting crowds the gay cavalry followed the music.

Behind them, on his white charger that danced along in his pleasure, rode General George Washington. With him were Charles Henry Lee and General Schuyler and Thomas Mifflin his aide.

George Washington wore his blue uniform with its facings of buff and his three-cornered hat sat squarely on his head over his noble brow. Even though the day was pleasant he and his friends wore blue capes lined with red to protect them from the weather and the dust of the roads.

Two days later when he was riding into Trenton a messenger met the cavalcade with a letter which had been sent to every town along the way.

It told of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"How did the New Englanders fight?" asked George Washington.

"Like old soldiers," was the reply.

"Then I am sure the liberties of the country are safe," replied General Washington.

Just before he reached New York a committee of men from the Provincial Congress of New York came to meet him and escort him into the city.

That very day the English governor, Tryon, was expected to land, also, and the people of the town were puzzled to know what to do. But they ordered a troop of militia out and its colonel was to meet whichever great man came in first and escort him into the city.

General Washington arrived first and was met by the militia and a little later in the day the British governor, Tryon, received the same honor.

All this time the colonies considered that they were still subjects of the King. Their only quarrel with him was his treatment of Boston and the taxes he wished them to pay.

When General Washington set out for Cambridge again General Schuyler was not with him, for he had been left in New York to take charge of the continental troops there.

At Kingsbridge the escort from Cambridge met George Washington and he bade goodbye to the Light Horse troop for the time.

He was to see that beautiful banner again, for the men who carried it fought in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown.

*While the New Englanders were gathering their stores together, the patriots of Virginia were not idle. They, too, were gathering ammunition and guns, for they felt that the liberties of the whole thirteen colonies were in danger.*

*On the twenty-third of March, 1775, in St. John's Church in Richmond, Patrick Henry told the delegates of Virginia that they could no longer hope for peace without war; that unless they wished to give up their liberties they would have to fight; that they must begin to collect powder as there was very little in the magazine in Williamsburg; and that they must raise more troops.*

*Still some of the delegates were against doing anything which might look as though they meant to go to war.*

*Then Patrick Henry delivered the speech which has become so famous. At its end he cried:*

*"Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable! And let it come! . . . Gentlemen may cry Peace, Peace, but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will*

*bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! . . . Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? . . . I know not what course others may take but as for me," he cried, with a look upon his face of high resolve and purpose, and with outflung arms, "Give me Liberty or give me Death!!"*

*His plans were adopted. He and Washington and Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson were chosen to take charge of affairs in Virginia.*

*Soon afterward the news of the battles at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill came to Virginia; George Washington was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army; Lord Dunsmore tried to steal the stores at Williamsburg; and the patriots of that great colony were busy drilling on the village training grounds.*

*The summer passed and in the fall—*

## THE FLAG OF THE CULPEPPER MINUTE MEN

Patrick Henry was sending out a hurried call for Minute Men. He had word that Lord Dunsmore who had been governor and who wanted to hold Virginia for the English, was planning to take the little town of Hampton, Virginia, and swift messengers were hurrying to every town.

Lord Dunsmore had stolen the powder which the Committee of Safety had stored away; he had planned to blow up the convention of men whom he had invited to look into the matter of the stolen powder; he had threatened to blow up Yorktown if any one hurt a hair of his head and he had given freedom to all those slaves who would take up arms against the patriots.

Finally he had grown rather frightened and, fearful of his life, had sneaked away to the British ships which were in the York River.

Up and down the coast he had sailed. Now and then he had stopped to steal some farmer patriot's provisions and sometimes he had burned a home, if the people did not gladly give up all they owned. For

weeks he had tormented the farmers until he had become the terror of the coast.

So, when the word reached Culpepper the Minute Men grabbed their rifles and set out.

It was a cold October night, dark with storm. The rain beat down in torrents. It covered the road with great pools of slippery mud and fell with heavy splashes on the autumn leaves that lay strewn in long piles along the way.

Through the black night Colonel Woodford led his Minute Men. A few flickering lanterns were the only lights to show them the way through the darkness.

Now and then a lantern held aloft shone on the green shirts of the men and picked out the white words on their breasts, the words of Patrick Henry, "LIBERTY OR DEATH."

The words of that orator when he had stood up in the little church on the hill in Richmond and had said, "I know not how others may feel, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death!" had become their slogan, their motto. Even on their banner so carefully covered to protect it from the rain, "LIBERTY OR DEATH" was painted.

In their belts were long hunting knives and sharpened tomahawks. But on this night the buck's tails, which usually waved so jauntily in their round hats, drooped heavy with rain and scattered showers of drops at every step.

On through the dripping night they splashed their way until in the morning they came to Hampton.

Near Hampton was a long bridge which connected the mainland with the island on which the city of Norfolk stood.

The bridge, called Great Bridge, stretched from one island of firm land to another while on either side of the islands were swampy marshlands where at high tide the water of the sea crept in. Over these marshes, on both sides of the bridge, stretched long causeways of wood joining the firm islands to the mainland.

On the Norfolk side, on the island at the end of the bridge, Lord Dunsmore had built a fort and on the Hampton side the patriots had thrown up breastworks. Here every evening a small Virginia guard was placed and, before the morning light, retreated across the causeway on the Hampton side.

Just before Colonel Woodford arrived with his men the British had sent six tenders in to the shore and from them some companies of British troops had landed and started to march to the town. They had been quite astonished when a shower of bullets struck them and had fled terror-stricken to their boats, for behind the stone fences and the trees the riflemen of Virginia had loaded and fired with deadly true aim.

The Virginians knew they would come again and were very glad to see Colonel Woodford and his

THE MINUTE MEN
LIBERTY OR DEATH
DONT TREAD ON ME
Brer

green-shirted men, one hundred strong, march into Hampton.

Each day a few slaves went over to the side of the British army and joined the Tories.

On the Hampton side the patriots waited and watched for the English to make their second move.

They had filled the channel of the river full of rubbish and hoped to keep the British ships from coming any nearer their shore. But one morning they woke to find that the British had removed the rubbish and had brought their ships close to the land.

Down to the water's edge crept the Virginian riflemen carrying their rifles, their only weapons, for they had no cannon of any kind.

They hid behind the trees and shrubs and behind the few houses on the shore and loading their rifles waited.

Each time a British soldier appeared on deck one of them picked him off. They took aim at the sailors as they tried to trim the sails. They shot the gunners as they stepped into place beside their guns until in fright the British ships tried to sail away. A couple of tenders whose sailors could not get near the ropes drifted ashore and the Tories and slaves on board were taken prisoners by the Americans.

Then a story was spread around that a large party of British troops was landing and coming to attack the Virginians. The patriots began to retreat but the

rest of the British ships spread their sails and sped away as fast as the wind could take them.

Soon after this Lord Dunsmore tried to frighten the patriots. He sent them a proclamation or notice that all who continued to bear arms against the British troops would be traitors and taken to England to be tried. The Virginians were not frightened. Instead they began to enlist as fast as they could in the army of Virginia.

One morning, after reveille beating, on the ninth of December, two cannon in the fort on the island at the Norfolk end of Great Bridge began to thunder and the rapid fire of musketry was heard.

At first Colonel Woodford paid no attention for the British quite often sent a volley across the water and marshes.

But before long he heard the sharp call to arms in the British camp. Quickly he began to gather his Culpepper Minute Men. In front of the church they rapidly stepped into line.

Down to the causeway and across to the breastworks they marched in the face of the shell from the cannons. The yellow rattle snake flag spread out in the chilling wind. Above the snake which was about to strike was a ribbon on which was the name, "THE CULPEPPER MINUTE MEN." "LIBERTY OR DEATH" was painted on either side of the snake and below,

"DON'T TREAD ON ME!" sent out its note of warning.

Across the bridge came the British, about sixty grenadiers and some regulars.

A shot struck the knee of their leader Captain Fordyce. He stumbled, then brushed his knee as though to flick away a speck of dust and advanced toward the breastworks. A volley of shot from the Virginians' only weapons struck him and he fell within fifteen feet of the earthen wall.

The Tories and slaves were panic-stricken and fled back across the bridge while the Culpepper men followed, sending their bullets after them.

Colonel Stevens of Culpepper went round to the left and fired upon the group of Tories and slaves which were on the other side of the bridge.

Into the fort fled the Tories and slaves who could reach it, and the battle ended.

"Do not scalp me," begged a British soldier who was captured.

"Don't murder me," cried another.

"I'll show you what I'll do," exclaimed one patriot to a wounded Redcoat. "Put your arm around my neck!" He tenderly helped him to the breastworks and laid him down while he tried to dress his wound.

The Redcoat was much surprised. He had been told that if the Virginians captured any man they

would scalp him, and the British had fought as hard as they could to get away safe and whole.

Although the British had lost about sixty men, the only one hurt in the American lines, in spite of the heavy fire from the British guns, was a man who lost a finger.

Lord Dunsmore was furious when a boy hurried to him with the news that the Virginians, with only their rifles, had sent the British and Tories back to the fort.

"I've a notion to hang you for this woeful tale!" he exclaimed to the poor boy.

Some British officers hurried the boy away before Lord Dunsmore could vent his anger on him. Besides, Lord Dunsmore had no time for anger, for news came that the Culpepper men who had been joined by Colonel Howe of North Carolina and four hundred fresh troops, were marching to Norfolk.

Quickly, Lord Dunsmore fled to his flagship the *Fowey* while the Tories tried to find places on board some of the British ships, but there was not room for all.

When the Culpepper banner was carried into Norfolk by the patriots a great crowd of Tories and slaves met them, begging for mercy which they received but did not deserve.

Even then Lord Dunsmore was not quite content to leave the Virginia shore. He hung about until his

provisions were nearly gone. Then he sent word to the people that he did not like to bombard the city, but he would unless they sent him the finest food the people could find.

Some food was sent to the ships but it was not enough to please Lord Dunsmore and so, on the first of January 1776, he began to fire on the city whose inhabitants were almost all Tories, and his friends.

Under cover of the bombardment a few sailors landed and set fire to some wooden houses which snuggled together near the wharf.

The Americans tried to put out the fire but a strong wind carried the sparks into the city.

Colonel Stevens rushed with his company and drove back the British soldiers who had landed.

And all the time, while the fire raged for three days and nights, the British sent shot and shell whizzing into the helpless town of Norfolk.

Up and down the coast again Lord Dunsmore sailed with his motley rabble of Tories and slaves, stealing and burning as he went.

At last General Charles Lee moved the farmers inland and the supplies for the British were cut off.

After trying to land in several places and making an attempt to sail up the Potomac and take Martha Washington prisoner of war, he finally gave up and sailed for England.

While the Culpepper Minute Men went on, carrying their banner in defence of their country, to Brandywine, Germantown, Camden, Guilford and the seige of York, until the end of the war.

*The patriots, who had turned out so gladly when they heard the news of Lexington and Concord, had joined the army of New England for only a short time to strike a swift blow for liberty. As soon as the battle at Bunker Hill was fought they began to think of going home.*

*The Rhode Island troops and the Connecticut troops had enlisted for a few weeks or at the most until the first of December and no longer. No one in the band of patriots was engaged to stay after the first of January.*

*But the Continental Congress had chosen very wisely when they elected George Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the army, for he had a keen sense of human nature; he understood the problems of the farmers and their reasons for wishing to go home, and he did not wish to force any man to remain with the army unless he proved willing; but, if any one could appeal to their patriotism and keep them with the army, he could.*

*Already he was travelling swiftly toward Cambridge—*

## THE FLAG OF WASHINGTON'S FIRST ARMY

THE farmer patriots were busy cleaning and oiling their guns. Shoes were polished and buckles burnished until they glistened in the sunlight like so many mirrors. The few troops in the camp who had uniforms had had them pressed until they seemed to have been taken out of a bandbox instead of a soldier's tent. And the Minute Men who had come in their everyday working dress sponged and brushed their clothes to look the very best they could.

Even the tiny yards around the tents and rude huts had been swept and tidied. The flags were brought out and fluttered lazily before the companies' quarters.

Early in the morning a regiment of Minute Men had marched down the road toward Watertown and later a company of horses, proudly stepping, had trotted after them.

For it was the second day of July, 1775, and General George Washington was even now on the road from Watertown to Cambridge to take command of the army of the United Colonies of America.

There was a great amount of talk and wonder about him. Every one knew he was a very wealthy

man who owned vast acres in Virginia and was very "high." It seemed strange to them that a man from so far away was coming to lead them in their struggle for independence.

Soon Captain Israel Putnam Jr., the Major General's son, rode into camp.

"You are to gather on the parade ground," he cried, "General Washington and a great company are approaching. Look up now, men. Look your best," he advised as he cantered away.

So when General George Washington, with his aide de camp Thomas Mifflin, and General Charles Lee, came riding into camp surrounded by the troop of horse and the Minute Men who had gone to meet him, almost all of the colonial troops met him, with fife and drum playing, and followed behind when he went to his headquarters.

The house which had been chosen for him belonged to the president of the Provincial Congress and save for one room the whole place had been scoured and scrubbed and burnished for the new Commander-in-Chief.

All afternoon a stream of men entered the gate and rapped with the huge knocker on the great door, as the officers of every company paid their respects to the new chief.

There was Artemus Ward who had commanded the army of New England until it was adopted by

Congress and Nathaniel Greene who had worked hard in his father's iron foundry but had found time to read and learn military tactics and now commanded the Rhode Island troops.

Then came Israel Putnam, stout and puffing, but every inch a soldier.

The two men, George Washington and Israel Putnam, had never met before but they liked each other from the first clasp of the hands.

Then there was John Stark from New Hampshire whose men, when they heard of the Battle of Lexington, had tramped all night to reach Medford.

John Stark's headquarters were in the fine old Royall house in Medford. Out of its attic windows his wife, whom he called Molly although that was not her name, had watched the Battle of Bunker Hill. She had seen the standard of the British army take the place of the blue flag of Bunker Hill and had wept for joy when she heard that the troops instead of being discouraged after their retreat down the hill had gained courage and valour and a firm determination to go on, to die or be free.

There were many others who came, until at twilight the candles were lighted and the Commander-in-Chief begged for a little quiet and rest, for he had ridden on horseback all the way from Philadelphia to Cambridge in eleven days.

The Flag of
Washington's First Army –
1775

Tired as he had been the night before, George Washington was up early on the third of July.

His darky boy had brushed and patted his clothes and tied the bow on his queue carefully. The ruffles of his fine linen shirt were well starched and crisp, and the buttons on his blue and buff uniform shone like stars.

At promptly nine the troops paraded on the Cambridge Common and came to attention in front of a fine old elm whose broad spreading branches reached far out over the green.

Under its shady leaves stood General Washington. He was taller by far than most of the officers. As they gazed at his dignified and stately military manner, a feeling of confidence and trust came over the whole army of men gathered there.

Then he took off his hat, stepped forward a few paces and lifting his sword took formal command of the army of the United Colonies.

Cheers and cheers echoed over the town. The women on the rooftops waved their handkerchiefs and others leaned far out of the windows to catch a glimpse of the new commander from Virginia. The cannons roared and the drums beat loudly.

"Ha! George Washington has arrived!" said General Gage when he heard them. "Hear the rebels cheer him." And then he added, a trifle sadly, for he

and Washington had fought side by side twenty years before, "A good man, a brave and knowing soldier, George Washington, but, alas, on the wrong side!"

As soon as George Washington could, he visited each camp to see what had been done and to give advice about the things to be done.

Nine thousand of the troops belonged to Massachusetts and their different pine tree flags dotted the landscape. There were four thousand more from Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Connecticut with its many colored flags.

They lived in separate camps by themselves, with their own officers and flying their own colors, for Congress had not yet chosen a flag for the army it had taken over.

Some of the men lived in the dormitories of Harvard College, but others lived in tents made of old sails, or in rude cabins thrown up, hit or miss, and covered with turf from the pastures. Still others lived in little huts made of basket work.

They had very few cooking dishes or kettles and still fewer blankets, but it was warm weather and their huts protected them from the dew.

Only a small number had uniforms, so that Washington wrote to Congress asking for ten thousand hunting shirts for the men. But Nathaniel Greene's Rhode Island regiment was as well dressed and

drilled as any of the British and his tents were put up in the best military style.

In spite of the fact that the troops looked more like an army of farmers than soldiers, the Commander-in-Chief was not at all discouraged.

He set out at once to strengthen the earthworks which had been started on Prospect Hill and to build new ones connecting the others.

He began to give orders for more drilling, more attention to religion, no more swearing nor drunkenness.

Little by little he began to make the army over into a real military organization. Sometimes men who had enlisted for a short time only grew tired of army life and went home. Others took their places, but it was very discouraging, even if those at home working the farms *did* send the men who had left the army, back to it again.

The Commander-in-Chief could not march on Boston as he wished, for he had very little powder. At one time there were only nine rounds of cartridges in all the army.

However as soon as word was sent to the colonies asking for powder, they sent it in as fast as they could and as much as could be gathered together. Every piece of lead was saved and even the lead on the roofs was taken down and melted into homemade bullets and sent to Cambridge.

One day when Washington was out, riding from camp to camp, looking out over the waters at the English flag on Bunker Hill and at their guns over on Copps Hill in the city, he chanced to see a great crowd gathered in his own army.

Riding up, he asked why the Minute Men had gathered.

"It's some hunters from the South," answered one man.

"Daniel Morgan, from the right bank of the Potomac," answered the leader of the hunters as Washington came up to him.

"From Virginia, then welcome, Daniel Morgan!" exclaimed Washington, and slipping out of the saddle shook hands with the Virginian and his riflemen.

Every day new companies came to Cambridge. The Pennsylvania riflemen came from that colony and from Maryland came others, well trained hunters of the forests.

Thus the army was slowly built up.

Ships were sent out to guard the coast from the British privateers who had troubled the people along the seaboard and to capture any supplies they could lay their hands on.

Captain Manly in the *Lee* captured the *Nancy,* an English supply ship and when things seemed darkest, when the powder was lowest, great heavy wag-

ons decorated with flags came lumbering into Cambridge carrying the cargo from the captured ship. There were three thousand round shot for the cannons, thirty-one tons of musket shot, several barrels of powder, and two thousand muskets and a short cannon called a mortar.

Israel Putnam was delighted, for he had been begging for powder, powder, powder! He mounted the mortar and named it "Congress."

All this time the British were sending, every now and then, volleys of round shot into the camp of the colonial troops. They came so often that the men paid no more attention than as if they were hailstones. Work went on as before in the trenches and every day new companies enlisted in the army.

On January 1st, 1776, the troops were drawn up on Prospect Hill which was a mile and a quarter away from Washington's headquarters in Cambridge.

Soon George Washington was seen coming up the hillside. The officer with him carried a bundle.

Halting under the tall flag staff they fastened the new banner which they carried to the halyards and while the troops saluted and George Washington stood at attention he gave them the first flag of the United Colonies, the Grand Union Flag.

As it mounted skyward they saw the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the King's Colors, in the

corner but across the scarlet field of the old English banner six white ribbons had been sewn, barring the flag into thirteen stripes of red and white.

The flag showed by the King's Colors that the colonies still thought they were subjects of England but by the bars across the red flag they pointed out that they were fighting the British troops for their liberty; they were revolting against the unjust laws of a selfish King.

As the flag floated out over the hill the British began to smile and crow to each other, for they thought the new Continental army had decided to lay down its arms and make friends.

They would not have thought so if they could have seen what was to take place a short time later.

Before the army went back to the tents and huts, copies of the King's speech were passed around.

It was the answer to a letter which the Congress had written early in the summer in which it had told the King of the colonies' reasons for taking up arms against his troops.

When the men heard that the King would not listen to their minister Richard Penn, nor read their letter and that he planned to capture their leaders and, worse than all that he said he was hiring Hessian troops to subdue them, their anger flamed up. They were furious.

They kindled a great fire on Prospect Hill and as

the flames mounted to the sky they threw on the copies of the King's speech.

The royal message was burned to a crisp and the black embers floated away on the cold wind and finally settled on the white snow that covered the countryside.

"We'll show King George what we think of his speech!" they cried. "All we need are a few guns and some powder!"

And the guns were on the way, for over the snow covered mountains, through the swamps and valleys, clambering over jagged rocks, came Henry Knox—who until the battle at Concord had been a bookseller in Boston—all the way from Fort Ticonderoga which Ethan Allen had captured with only eighty-three Green Mountain boys, and from Crown Point which had been taken by Seth Warner in May.

Across the deep snows in the dead of winter when the icy blasts froze their nostrils, they came, leading a queer parade of eighty ox teams and forty wagons carrying the guns and cannon balls to the army at Cambridge. There was great rejoicing in the camp, for now they could attack the British in Boston.

On Saturday night on the second of March, the guns from Roxbury, Cobble's Hill, Lechmere's Point and Ploughed Land and Lamb's Dam began to bombard Boston. While this was going on, mak-

ing a dreadful deafening racket, on Dorchester Heights, General Washington and Major Gridley, who had been the engineer on Breed's Hill, watched over a great army of men who were throwing up another fort on that hill so near to Boston.

The ground was frozen hard and they had to use their pickaxes to chop it up. But at three in the morning a new army of spaders came and worked as hard as those before them so that, when the British rose, they were frightened to see that two forts, like mushrooms, had been thrown up in the night. The works were bristling with cannon and manned by patriots.

"I know not what I shall do!" said General Howe. "The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army could do in a month!"

Nevertheless he started out to attack the Americans, but winds arose, the waves dashed high and the rains beat down so heavily that Howe had to give up his plan and go back to Boston.

When Washington planted a new battery nearer Boston and threatened to bombard the town, Clinton and Gage and Howe decided to leave, if Washington would let them go peaceably, but if they were fired on they said they would burn the town after them.

They said they would get ready at once and sail away and one hundred and sixty transports and three warships drew near to Boston to take them.

Still they lingered, waiting and hoping for reinforcements.

On the sixteenth of March, General Washington seized Nook's Hill. Things were now getting too dangerous for the British. They decided to leave.

Early on Sunday morning, the seventeenth, they began to sail away, taking one thousand Tories with them. As they could not move all of their possessions with them, even with the one hundred and sixty transports and three warships (for they had horses, cows, much furniture and cannons and guns), they destroyed many valuables rather than leave them behind.

Up on the highland, underneath the Grand Union Flag, General George Washington watched the sunset stain their sails to red as they disappeared on the horizon.

Then Major-General Putnam marched into Boston with his troops and took possession.

The next day midst the cheers of the people, General Washington rode into the city at the head of the Continental army. Close beside him Ensign Richards carried the Grand Union Flag, the colors of Washington's first army.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*While General Washington was building up the army, he was making plans for a navy as well.*

*His military secretary, Colonel Joseph Reed suggested that the new ships carry the green and white Pine Tree Flag, the flag of the floating batteries.*

*Colonel Reed's idea was carried out on the six schooners which General Washington commissioned in the first months of 1776.*

*The ships were much needed, for—*

## THE PINE TREE FLAG

It was the third of July when George Washington took command of the army. Before many days had passed he had discovered that there was very little powder in the camp.

He also found that, although his army hemmed the British in Boston and they could get no food from the mainland, they could get it by sea.

He made up his mind to take some of these cargoes of guns and powder, which were coming into Boston, for his own army.

From his own pocket, and from the pockets of some of his patriot friends he managed to gather quite a sum of money.

With it he fitted out some floating batteries for Boston Harbor and six privateers which were called Washington's Cruisers. These he sent out to capture British ships and bring the supplies, meant for Boston, to the army camped in Cambridge.

Over this little navy waved the pine tree flag of embattled New England.

Even in the early days the pine tree had been the symbol of Massachusetts. They had used it on their first coins when they had built a mint and had melted

up the gold and silver dollars brought in by the buccaneer traders.

To make the money more uniform they had made the melted metal into shillings, sixpences and threepences. At first their coins had been plain, with only N.E. which stood for New England on one side, and XII or VI or III on the other.

But, in 1651, the court ordered that each coin should have a double ring around it on each side. Inside the outer ring was New England, An. Do., (In the year of our Lord). Inside the small circle was the date and the amount of the coin. On the other side the words, "In Massachusetts," were inside the outer ring, and in the center they placed a pine tree as a symbol of New England.

As they began to use their own flag, the pine tree was placed in one of the white squares made by the cross of St. George. On one side of the pair of colors given to Israel Putnam which the Connecticut troops raised on Prospect Hill, the green pine tree was placed in the center of the large white flag.

When the Massachusetts colony sent their resolution to the Ministers of Parliament the last sentence was, "Appealing to Heaven for the justice of our cause we determine to die or be free." So a motto was taken from this sentence and on the pine tree flag of New England, the words, "AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN" were added.

AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN
The Flag of
Embattled New England -
1776
Brett

One day in the winter of the first year of the War of Independence, a stranger dressed in the uniform of the Continental army rode into the little village of Marblehead.

He came galloping up the street while the women and children in the houses along the way peeped through the narrow paned windows to see who came in such hot haste.

Stopping a moment, he took a packet from his breast, gazed at the directions written thereon and then urged his tired steed up the hill.

In the yard of a tall narrow house with gabled roof, a handsome young man with curly hair, wearing old clothes and an old hat, was chopping wood.

"This must be the place," said the messenger aloud. "House all alone, near a wood."

"I say," he called to the wood chopper, "can you tell me where the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives?"

"Honorable?" repeated the wood chopper. "I know of no Honorable Samuel Tucker. I'm the only Samuel Tucker here."

"You must be he, then," said the messenger, and gave Samuel Tucker his commission as Captain in the Navy of the United Colonies of America.

"Come inside," said Samuel Tucker, with a pleased expression on his face, and ushered the young man into the house where after a short rest and a hot dinner he set out for Cambridge again.

So it happened that Mistress Tucker sat busily sewing a few weeks later in their lodgings in Beverly. Over her knees was spread a piece of white bunting, as white as the kerchief over her shoulders, and in the center she was placing a green piece of cloth in the shape of a pine tree.

Nearby, her husband, Captain Tucker, and his lieutenant, Edmund Fettyplace sat figuring their accounts.

"Any way you figure it," said Fettyplace, "there's no money for small arms!"

"Small arms we must have, somehow, Fettyplace," said Samuel Tucker. "Let's go over it again."

But try as they would they could not make the money go any farther.

"It's down in my own pocket, then," said Samuel, as he looked out of the corner of his eye at his wife who had already given up so much for the patriots' cause.

"Oh, Samuel, where is it to come from?" asked his wife as she looked up from her sewing.

"We must do without something, for this glorious cause," said her husband as he gently patted her shoulder.

"Why, you've already paid for some of the provisions. Even some of my best preserves are stowed away in the hold of the *Franklin*. I'm not the only one who has given. Why, only yesterday Tabitha

Stevens told me she had sold some of her silver which came from England so long ago. She's gone without meat this long time," said Mistress Tucker, going on with her sewing.

"Yes, my dear," said her husband, "every one is giving. Even General Washington has given a great amount to fit out these ships. Already they have captured the enemy's ships and carried a great many small arms and a few cannon to the army at Cambridge. I'm thankful we can get good sailors. And *those* we have, for many of the fishermen who can no longer ply their trade have come to enlist."

Soon Lieutenant Edmund Fettyplace took his leave and stepped out into the frosty January air of Beverly.

While Samuel Tucker smoked his pipe and gazed into the fire, his wife stitched steadily on the white banner.

Twilight began to fall on the little sea town and one by one the houses were lighted along the street.

Mistress Tucker put away her sewing and with a long taper lit from the fire she set the candles blazing on the shelf over the fireplace and in the sconces on the wall.

Then she laid the cloth and brought out the evening meal. Against the narrow-paned windows the sleety snow beat and piled up in great drifts on the street.

"Samuel, have you everything ready? Can you keep warm out on the sea on a night like this?" asked Mistress Tucker.

"I'd stand anything to help the cause, my dear," answered Captain Tucker, "and I pray I shall be successful, for we need powder more than anything else. Next to that we need guns. I pray I shall fall in with a British ship at once. If the British were told that we had so little ammunition they would march on the army and our cause, the cause of liberty, would be lost."

"But Samuel, when I think of you out there on the sea trying to get some great British ship I am affrighted!" said his wife.

"It is the reason I came home to America. I could not stay in London in comfort when my own people were oppressed. I had to come and I have to do what I can for the cause," said Samuel Tucker.

"Yes, dear, and I, too, want to help, so I shall say no more," said his wife.

Early the next morning he went down to the docks and hoisted the colors, which his wife had been making, on his ship. She was a small schooner with four large cannon and six small guns. At high tide a strong wind was blowing and Samuel Tucker sailed out of the harbor flying the pine tree flag of New England at his stern.

Toward Cape Cod he steered his course and when

night fell a sound of distant cannon could be heard.

Sailing in the direction of the sound of the cannonade they came upon a great British tall ship that was being attacked by the privateers. Just before the *Franklin* reached her the two privateers were beaten off and the British armed ship went on her way to Boston Harbor with her supplies for the British Army.

About midnight another ship was seen and under cover of the darkness Samuel Tucker sent out a barge with a dark lantern to see what kind of a ship she was.

If she happened to be an English ship the sailor patriots were to lower the lantern but if she should be an American they were to raise it above their heads and wave it.

Soon the gleam of the lantern was seen over the sea and, as they watched, it was raised on high. Then coming nearer to each other the two ships (the stranger was from Rhode Island) sailed after the British ship. As Samuel Tucker held a commission from the United Colonies which was signed by George Washington himself, he took command of the two ships.

Chasing along behind, they entered the channel where the British ship ran aground.

Captain Tucker fired a couple of guns at her and the tall ship fired a broadside back which did not

harm the *Franklin* as much as it did the vessel from Rhode Island which was useless from that time.

Broadside after broadside came from the armed British ship until Captain Tucker's sails were riddled and his spars damaged, his rigging shot away and his flag torn in ribbons.

But all this time his own guns had been pouring in upon the man-of-war carrying death and destruction in their path.

Finally the man-of-war struck her colors and the ship, with all her stores, was Samuel Tucker's for the army of the colonies.

From the tall ship he took some sails and made a new pine tree flag. Then he sailed into Marblehead with his prisoners. They were soldiers from Scotland who were on their way to join the English army in Boston.

Mistress Tucker stood on the porch of her home and waved as the sailors and patriots marched by, carrying the goods and guns they had captured, to Cambridge.

Not long after, Samuel Tucker was made a commodore and sailing up and down the coast took many valuable prizes for the army.

All through the year of 1776 the pine tree flag was flown over the ships of the little navy. And the Massachusetts men marched to battle for liberty under its white folds with its union, the green pine tree.

*As the spring of 1776 changed to summer, the patriots of America began to see that they could never keep their liberty while they were subjects of King George III.*

*Many things had angered them and their affection for England grew less and less, for England had hired foreign troops against them; Lord Dunsmore had burned Norfolk; and in the dead of winter the British had burned and destroyed Portland turning poor defenceless people out into the snow without protection, and the British troops robbed and burned and even shot the patriots down in cold blood.*

*It was too much, and, in May, Virginia voted to propose to Congress that it declare the colonies independent.*

*The idea was received with great joy; bells rang out, cannons boomed and the red flag of England with its canton of King's Colors was hauled down from the State House at Williamsburg. One after the other, the colonies followed Virginia's example.*

*On the eighth of June, Richard Henry Lee proposed to Congress that it declare the colonies free and independent.*

*Taking pattern after the Bill of Rights which George Mason had written out for the Virginia convention, Thomas Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence. On the Fourth of July, 1776, it was signed by the delegates of the different states assembled in Congress in Philadelphia.*

*As soon as the Declaration of Independence was signed the bell on the State House rang out the gladsome news and ever after was called the Liberty Bell; and the State House was named Independence Hall.*

*But, although the states had declared themselves independent, they still had to fight England for their freedom. To do this an army had to be raised and recruiting officers were busy in every colony getting men to support the independence. Broadsides, or posters, were set up beneath the liberty poles on which a flag was flung out.*

*In New England the Pine Tree Flag was very popular but the other states preferred the rattlesnake—*

## THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG

SILENTLY over the hot dry sands of the prairies and through the cool damp mosses of the fragrant forests the rattlesnake glides, but only in the Americas. For in no other place in all the whole wide world can this snake be found.

Slipping along alone, bothering no one and picking no quarrels unless to defend himself, he keeps his watchful bright eyes open, for the rattlesnake has no eyelids.

The rattles at the end of his tail are thin hollow bones linked firmly together like the curb chain of a bridle, and when the tail is moved ever so slightly the bones rattle together with a strange husky sound. One bone alone can make no noise but two or more together can send out a peculiar rattle that echoes over the plain or through the woodland, frightening the gophers and rabbits so that they step warily and skirt the spot in a wide circle.

Unless the rattlesnake is trodden on or hunted down, he never strikes, except for food. But when danger threatens, he gives a quick warning with a shake of his rattles. Then, swiftly he raises his head and darts forward with lightning quickness and woe

to the man or beast who gets in the way of the poison fangs!

Twenty years before the Battle of Lexington when the English colonies of America were at war with the French and Indians, Doctor Benjamin Franklin printed a picture of a snake in his Pennsylvania *Gazette*. The snake was a curved one, cut up in eight pieces with each piece marked by the initial of one of the colonies who were fighting that war. Underneath were the letters, JOIN OR DIE. It seemed to Benjamin Franklin that, united, the colonies were strong enough to defend themselves, but separated they were very weak. He chose the snake, for from the beginning of time the serpent has been a symbol of vigor and of everlasting life. And a cut up snake would be very weak indeed.

In his *Gazette* he urged the colonies to join together and hold councils for their good in times of peace as well as for their defence in times of war. But, although a great many people saw the wisdom of joining together, they were afraid that the King would be offended and so nothing at all was done about Franklin's scheme.

The years went on, the Stamp Act was passed and the tea was taxed and every now and then an article would be printed in the *Gazette* urging the colonies to join together. Along with the article a picture of a serpent cut up in nine parts would be printed, with

DONT TREAD ON ME
BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED AND WELL
DISPOSED YOUNG MEN
GENERAL WASHINGTON
TAKE NOTICE

the initial G, for Georgia on the tail, S.C.—South Carolina on the next piece, N.C.—North Carolina, V. for Virginia, M. for Maryland, P. for Pennsylvania. N.J. for New Jersey, N.Y. for New York, and on the head N.E. for the New England provinces which were already joined together in a confederacy, and had been for some time.

The British marched on Lexington and Concord, and the snake was changed to one which was only found in America, the rattlesnake. The lidless eyes were always on the lookout and meant that the colonies were always watching England and her deeds. The rattles on the end of the tail showed that the colonies would give a fair warning but if trodden on, or tormented, they would strike, and when once aroused they would fight as a rattlesnake does, until death or victory is the result.

In the South the rattlesnake began to appear on many of their flags. It was on the flag of the Culpepper Minute Men and on others whose story you will hear later.

In the North the Pine Tree Flag was used on the floating batteries and on the early ships of the navy, whose uniforms were green trimmed with white to match the flag. Each regiment of riflemen chose their own colors and the army of the United Colonies was a many bannered army.

Then on January first, 1776, General George

Washington gave the new Continental army a new flag. It was the Grand Union Flag, striped under the union, but although it was used by Washington it was never popular, for in its corner it carried the King's Colors. By the spring of 1776 nearly every one knew that the colonies and England would never be under the same government again, if the colonists could help themselves. They had found out that the King would never change in his way of treating them and they would never rest until they were free.

So a new flag began to be used by some of the companies of the militia.

One day, along about the middle of July, the youth and men of the villages around were gathered on the village green in the little town of Spotswood in Middlesex County, New Jersey. They had brought their baskets of fried chicken and beans and brown bread and had planned to spend the day.

Underneath the Liberty Tree of the little town a flag was flying. Thirteen stripes ran across its folds like that of the Grand Union Flag but it held no union of King's Colors. Bending in slow curves upward across the red and white stripes, from corner to corner, was a long rattlesnake. As if the rattlesnake warning was not enough, on the bottom of the flag were these words in large letters:

*"DON'T TREAD ON ME."*

However it was not the flag that drew the attention of the people for they were used to that flag by this time. It had been in use all spring. It was the large poster underneath which was nailed on a flat slab of wood for all to see. On the poster a number of soldiers in the uniform of the Continental army were pictured in the different positions of the manuel of arms.

Around the poster a great number of young men stood listening, while one read it aloud:

"TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED,
AND WELL DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,
In This Neighborhood Who Have Any Inclination To Join The Troops, Now Raising Under
GENERAL WASHINGTON
For the Defence of the
LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE
Of The United States
against the hostile league of foreign enemies
TAKE NOTICE

On the very bottom where the words used to be "God save the King," there was now, "God save the United States." He read that Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, one of Colonel John

Neilson's battalions would be in Spotswood to receive the names of any young men who wished to enter into this honorable service.

It was Tuesday morning and already from far down the road came the sound of martial music as the lieutenant led his men toward Spotswood.

Nearer and nearer they came. The heavy boom-boom-boom of the drum grew louder and louder, the fife and flute shrilled ever more shrilly, while the rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat tat of the snare drums beat more noisily as they approached.

Behind the music came the major leading his company who with eyes firm fixed directly ahead marched four abreast, filling the narrow road.

On they came, while the people fell back to give them room on the green.

"Arms rest!" commanded the officer.

Each soldier who but a moment before had seemed to be a wooden machine rested the butt of his gun on the green grass and looked about him. But no word was spoken, for an officer stood before the people gathered there, with a paper in his hand.

"On the fourth of July, fellow countrymen," he said, "the Continental Congress declared that these UNITED COLONIES are and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES!"

"Huzza!" cried the men and boys, and although nearly all had been present when the Declaration of

Independence had been read to them on the green a few days before, they were as filled with enthusiasm as though they now heard of it for the first time.

"But," said the officer, "although we have declared ourselves to be Free and Independent States we have a bitter fight ahead of us, for George III, on the throne of England, will not let us get out from under his rule if he can help it. To hold our forts and keep our independence, we must fight! And to fight we must have men, and more men! We must have guns, for although the founderies in Pennsylvania are turning them out as fast as they can it's not fast enough. So, I beg every boy or man who is of age and who has a gun to come to me this day and offer his services to his country, to do his bit to preserve our liberty and freedom."

There was a deep silence as each man searched his own heart.

"Perhaps," said the officer, "you would be interested to know how the army in New York and the New York patriots received the news of the Declaration of Independence?"

"Tell us, tell us," cried several voices.

"First, all those people in New York who were in prison for debt were set free and all day there was great rejoicing in the streets, but with perfect order. At night the great lead statue of George III which was set up in 1770 when he repealed the Stamp Act

and which has been so carefully gilded several times by the Tories who put it up, was taken down by the Sons of Freedom!" cried the officer.

"Huzza! Huzza!" cried the people.

"And," went on the officer, "that statue of a foolish and stubborn King fell with its face imbedded in the dirt. It is to be melted into bullets with which to fight his own troops, the troops of George III and his hired men from Hesse!"

At these words the crowd's enthusiasm grew very noisy and they slapped each other on the back and huzzaed, loudly, again and again.

While the lieutenant turned to a camp table which had been set for him and fell to mixing his ink in a small mortar, and while one of his men sharpened several quill pens and stuck them into an apple on the table for safe keeping, many young and older men rushed forward.

From that time on he was busy writing in the book which had been opened. He had orders to accept no one who was not a native of America unless that person had a family in the United States. Each man must have his own gun and sign up for several months. The ink was scarcely dried by the sand sprinkled over it before the page of the book was filled and had to be turned.

Soon the hour of noon arrived and the officers and men went into the little inn for their dinner, while

on the green and around on the lawns the country people sat down to their cold chicken and beans. Among them mingled the soldiers, asking and answering questions.

"The army's not a bad place to be," said Josiah Jones, as he munched his brown bread. "Why, see what they offer us! Good meat each day and fresh vegetable and warm and handsome clothing and sixty dollars a year in good gold and silver. If we sign up for the whole war we receive a piece of land as a present."

"And that's not all," said a Continental soldier, "you've a chance to see the colonies, for some say this war will be carried from one state to another until one of us gives up."

"That'll be a long time coming," said Josiah, as he picked on a chicken wing, "seeing that we're all from the same stock and good fighters."

"Well, it'll come sooner than you expect if you don't join up and help swell the numbers of the army," said the soldier.

"Why, pshaw, man," demanded Josiah indignantly, "did you think I don't mean to join up? Why, man alive, I joined up first thing the book was opened. Only hangin' around here now 'cause my children like the music. There they go now, just as soon as the band's tunin' up. They're the greatest children for music!"

The soldier laughed and sauntered away to a group of young men who were soon seen following him over the green to the Liberty Tree.

Hundreds of young men and old men joined up that day and by the end of the week a full sized regiment marched away toward New York under the Rattlesnake Flag.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*Although a great many of the inhabitants of Philadelphia were Quakers, or Friends, and did not believe in war, when the news of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill reached the city, regiments were soon formed and in a short time two thousand men were drilling and Captain Abram Markoe had formed the Light Horse Troop. While in the western towns of Pennsylvania men tramped miles over the rough frontier roads to offer their lives for freedom—*

## THE FLAG OF THE FIRST REGIMENT

In the forests the bright eyed squirrels chattered merrily and the nimble-footed rabbits leaped happily over the small bushes and brooklets. Now and then they paused to peep out from underneath a shady bower at some tall youth who, gun in hand, strode thoughtfully down the path. Sometimes the squirrels ceased their racket and watched several young men as they came along the path talking with great seriousness, never glancing to right nor left.

Over the meadows came still other men, alone or in groups, all carrying their guns and tramping down the hay as they passed.

For the news of the Battle of Lexington and Concord had only just reached them and they had left their families and farms and their little homes in the clearings to offer themselves and their guns to help Massachusetts who had the British army camped in its greatest town and seaport.

Great had been the excitement when the messenger reached them with the news, for many had relations in Boston and many had friends. Besides, what hurt one colony hurt all the rest, so they felt.

So they came from the forests and the farms to that little town in western Pennsylvania and gathered on the lawn of a beautiful white house whose great front door was open wide bidding a welcome to all. Under a huge oak tree at a table sat an officer. Thoughtfully he scanned the crowd gathering on the lawn, as he whittled and sharpened his quill pen.

"Well, Lieutenant Hand," he said, opening the great ledger, "what are we to do? There are men enough on the lawn to fill several battalions."

"We'll have to find some way of sorting them out," said Lieutenant Hand who had come from Lancaster. "Each and every man hopes that, as you have known him all of his life, he will be the one to be chosen."

"That's true," said Colonel William Thompson. "It will break some of their hearts if they are not included. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll choose the tallest and the broadest in the shoulder."

"Then you'll be taking them all, for as far as I can see these woodsmen are nearly all of them giants," answered his lieutenant.

"That's right," said the colonel as he turned the pages of the ledger.

"I've a scheme," said the colonel, after he had written a few words at the top of a page and had scattered sand over it to dry the ink. "I'll pick out those who are the best marksmen. Bring me a flat

board, Lieutenant Hand, and nail it to a tree. We'll soon find out who are the best shots."

When the slab of wood was brought to him, Colonel Thompson took up a piece of chalk and drew on the flat board the picture of a nose.

"There now, men," he said, as he stood back and gazed at his work. "I'll soon know how well you shoot. Line up now and take your turns. Those who come nearest the mark join the battalion and march for Cambridge in a few days. And those who are left behind can join the militia for the defence of Pennsylvania."

One after the other the hunters and marksmen hit the nose on the board and their names were entered on the long pages and carefully sanded.

Even after such a test, in which sixty men hit the bullseye on the tip of the nose, there were still too many men for the company.

"Well, guess we'll have to let these others go along," said the colonel.

"But we can't! What shall we do about it? We have only orders to take just so many. Who'll feed them?" asked Major Magaw of Carlisle.

"Oh, these fellows left out are so eager to go they'll take care of themselves," answered the colonel.

A few days after this, there started out from Derr's Mills a regiment of giants, for almost all were six feet tall, and over. With them marched a great

company of patriots from Pennsylvania. There were young men of wealth, and older men who were as hard as the wood they chopped in the forests and there were those who were not tall nor broad, nor even great marksmen, but who were ardent workers for liberty. Happily they marched over the dusty roads, stopping now and then to get a cool drink of water from some town pump or to cook their bacon and pancakes over the fires they built at the roadside.

Sometimes as they marched farther away from their Pennsylvania homes the people in the towns gathered to see this great company of patriots, and to gaze with wonder at their height, while the little boys spanned their small hands around the giants' strong arms and felt the muscles rise as the hardy men from the frontier closed their fists.

Crossing the Hudson River at New Windsor, the riflemen came from Pennsylvania and entered New England.

Their frocks or hunting shirts were white and their breeches were light tan color on which the dust of the roads showed very little. On their heads they wore round hats, while each man carried his own ammunition and rifle and a powder horn slung over his shoulder.

The colonial army around Boston greeted the newcomers to their midst with great enthusiasm. Their

height was admired by all and when the Massachusetts Minute Men watched the giants shoot from a distance of two hundred yards and hit the target every time they cried out in amazement and astonishment.

The Pennsylvanians pitched their tents on Prospect Hill and amused themselves by picking off the British regulars as they peeked over the top of their walls on Bunker Hill. Soon the riflemen of the south were dreaded by all of the soldiers of the British army who finally stayed hidden and only showed their hats above the redoubts.

One day, late in the fall when a heavy fog covered the harbor of Boston and the little towns around it, the British regulars set out from Charlestown Point and, when the tide was in, landed at Lechmere's Point which is a piece of high land pointing out into the bay.

At high tide Lechmere's Point is an island but when the water is low it is connected with the mainland by marshes of reeds and rushes.

That day on Lechmere's Point the cattle were feeding, munching on the grass and chewing their cuds, the little lambs were gamboling over the dried leaves, and the sentinel who should have been watching was sound asleep when two floating batteries and a British man-of-war trained their guns on the shore while the regulars landed and began to drive the patient, plod-

ding cattle and the bleating frightened lambs to the boats.

Suddenly a colonial sentinel appeared and fired off his gun and then another came up and by the noise of their musketshots, the men on Prospect Hill knew that the British were stealing their cattle and sheep down on the Point.

In Cambridge, General Washington heard the racket, and, coming up to Prospect Hill sent a swift message to Major Putnam to tell Colonel Thompson and Colonel Thomas Mifflin to turn out at once.

The Pennsylvania riflemen were delighted, for they hated idleness, and they cheerfully made ready. Down the hill they went, quietly creeping along so that the British could not hear them coming. When they came to the marshes which were covered by the tide they slipped noiselessly into the salt water. It reached their knees and was icy but they went on.

Up, up, crept the water as they walked in farther. Up to their middles and up to their armpits it crept, until it rippled around their chins. Still they did not falter, nor wish to turn back! Holding their rifles over their heads they waded along, slipping now and then on the stones and brushing aside the reeds and long rushes until, soaked to the skin, they reached Lechmere's Point. When they were all across they marched to the brow of the small hill.

Suddenly, Colonel Thompson gave the blood-

curdling warwhoop! From his regiment of giants from the woods came the answering call and the whole battalion rushed forward.

Down a steep slope the British fell backward. Some landed on their feet but more fell on their backs on the shore and wallowed in the salty brine. The man-of-war in the bay set up a cannonade and the swivel guns on the boats began to fire. Grape shot and chain shot and round shot fell around the Pennsylvanians but they never stopped. The floating batteries started up and began to add to the noise and everywhere the shot and shell fell thick and fast amongst the frontiersmen. From along the edge of Charlestown Point and from Bunker Hill came more cannonading to add to the uproar and twenty-two British ships hove in sight but the British regulars were on the run. Their anger at being pushed back was very great and they killed the cattle as they retreated rather than to leave them to the colonial troops.

Helter, skelter, the Redcoats rushed to their boats, tumbling and falling over each other as they went. But the riflemen calmly watched until the British had all left the island and then leaving a small number on guard, went back to their camps on Prospect Hill.

Many little skirmishes with small troops of British took place during December and the Pennsylvanians managed to get into nearly every one of them.

Then came the days when the army around Boston began to fade away. There were dark and gloomy days when the Commander-in-Chief wondered if he would have any army left when the British *should* sally forth. There were days when whole companies simply took their guns and went home, although some were promptly told to go back again.

During those trying hard times the riflemen of Pennsylvania stood staunch and sound. Not a murmur of discontent came from them, for they had come to relieve Boston and they meant to see it through. There were many others, too, who stuck by their guns and had no idea of going home.

On the first day of January, 1776, General George Washington disbanded the old colonial army of New England and formed the new army of America, and called it the Continental Army of the United Colonies.

When the old army was asked to reenlist, the Pennsylvania Rifle Battalion which was six hundred and ninety men and officers, joined in a body, and was called the First Regiment of American Regulars. Over it and its redoubts waved the Grand Union Flag of Washington's first army, which he had raised on New Year's Day.

On the second of February, Colonel Thompson and Major Magaw who had been made Colonel of the Fifth Pennsylvania regiment, set out for Phila-

delphia and Lieutenant-Colonel Hand of Lancaster was left in command of the regiment.

All this time the First Regiment had had no flag. Therefore, one day shortly after they had joined the new army and had become the first regiment to be commanded by General George Washington, the men were delighted when their commander told them they were to have a flag of their own.

They were stationed on Cobble's Hill where they had been busy from five o'clock in the morning until late every day throwing up a wall like that on Breed's Hill where the army of New England had fought the Battle of Bunker Hill. One day after work was over and the hour of rest arrived, they were suddenly called to parade.

Then Lieutenant-Colonel Hand gave his battalion their own flag. It was dark green, as dark as the leaves on the laurel bush. In the center was a large crimson square and on that a man with a spear kept a huge lion in a net from springing at him. Below on a white ribbon across the crimson field were the words, "DOMARI NOLO" which mean, "I refuse to be subjugated."

Up on the ramparts sprang the men and on a small ramrod hoisted their banner. Bravely it waved there until the Pennsylvania men followed General George Washington into Boston.

All through the War of the Revolution the deep

green banner could be seen in every battle where the fighting was the thickest. It was raised at the seige of Boston, in 1775, and was carried to every one of the thirteen colonies by the brave young giants of Pennsylvania who had left their homes on the frontier of Pennsylvania and travelled the weary way to Cambridge to help drive the Redcoats out of Boston.

When the war was over and the Pennsylvania Riflemen left Georgia and sailed for Philadelphia, they carried their banner with them.

Now, if you go to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, you will see it in the State House where many people pause to admire the flag carried by the brave Pennsylvania giants.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*As soon as the British troops sailed away from Boston in their many transports and ships, carrying with them the Tories who dared not stay behind in the city, the towns along the coast began to prepare for the return of the fleet; for the patriots knew that sooner or later the British would try to take one of the seaports.*

*Philadelphia, New York, and Charleston, South Carolina, began to fortify their waterfronts.*

*Almost two and a half months passed and then—*

## THE FLAG OF FORT MOULTRIE

THE waters of the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, glinted in the sunlight and were as blue as the June sky above in which a few fleecy white clouds drifted lazily.

On the roofs of the houses of the city, groups of anxious people had gathered. Shading their eyes from the glare of the sun they gazed seaward where, just north of the long sand bar called Long Island, a fleet of some fifty British ships came scudding before the wind.

Then they shifted their gaze to where a little to the southwest Sullivan's Island lay, separated from the sand bar by a narrow creek. The long sand bar was barren, having only a few bushes on it, but Sullivan's Island was covered with palmetto trees which grew in such abundance in the south.

On the southern part where a point seems to jut out into the sea Colonel William Moultrie in charge of his Carolina troops was watching the building of a fort.

The scorching hot sun beat down on the heads of the patriots as they worked but they kept steadily on, cutting down the cabbage palms and dragging them

along to the point where the plans of a fort lay traced in the sand.

"Your fort is of no use," said General Charles Lee who had been sent by Washington to help the Southerners defend the harbor of Charleston.

"No use?" asked Colonel Moultrie. "How so?"

"Why, see here," sneered Charles Lee as he kicked the soft pulpy logs which had been piled up on top of each other, "these logs are soft. The British guns will knock your fort into a cocked hat in less than an hour!"

Colonel Moultrie made no answer, and work on the fort went on as rapidly as before.

"How about it?" asked Governor Rutledge when he came to inspect the works. "Can you hold the fort?"

"I think I can," answered Colonel Moultrie who was a man of few words.

"General Lee wants you to leave here and is sending you an order to do so," Governor Rutledge went on. "But you are not to do so without an order from me, and I would sooner cut off my right hand than write it!"

For, ever since the news of the Battle of Lexington had come to the Carolinas, Governor Rutledge had been busy gathering their small store of powder together and training the men so that they would be

ready when the British came. Somehow, every one expected the English would try to take the Carolinas.

The work on the fort went on day after day while the British ships lay anchored near the sand bar.

Row upon row of logs, notched and bolted together with wooden pegs, formed the outer wall which was square with bastions at each corner. Inside they built another wall like it. Then they began to place the twenty six cannons which were all of different sizes and shapes. As fast as the cannon were in their places in the wall with their nozzles peeking out, the Minute Men piled sand into the space between the two rows of logs. The loose sand spread out and filled up every chink and crack. Higher they piled the spongy palmetto logs and on top they threw shovels of sand.

Every day General Charles Lee told Colonel Moultrie that he should build a bridge between the island and the mainland. But Colonel Moultrie had no thought that his men would need the bridge or that they would even want to fall back.

Finally General Lee caused a bridge of boats to be made from the island. And when there were not enough small boats he sank barrels in the water and laid the planks on them.

All this time the British lay anchored in the sea

near the bar. It was not until the twenty-eighth of June that Sir Peter Parker gave the order to gather around the palmetto fort and bombard it.

By this time the fort was nearly finished, but no guns had been put in position on the northern side.

Colonel Christopher Gadsen with the South Carolina troops guarded Fort Johnson on James Island. Colonel Thompson with his riflemen was stationed among the green palmetto trees on the northern end of Sullivan's Island to keep the British from coming across the narrow creek from Long Island, the sand bar, and General Charles Lee took charge of the forts which had been thrown up along the waterfront in the town.

Francis Marion and his men from the Pedee River land were with Colonel Moultrie in Fort Sullivan.

On the eastern bastion waved the blue crescent flag of Colonel Moultrie's command.

When the patriots of South Carolina had decided to make a stand for liberty they took possession of Fort Johnson on James Island and of Sullivan's Island.

As the men were dressed in blue and wore silver crescents or moons on which were the words, "LIBERTY OR DEATH," in their hats, Colonel Moultrie had a flag made to match. It was the first liberty flag of the South and had waved over Fort Johnson. Now, as it floated proudly to the breeze, the word "LIBERTY"

The Flag of Fort Moultrie - 1776

which had been added, stood out in bold white letters and could be plainly seen from the ships when, on the twenty-eighth of June, they began to draw near the fort.

At ten in the morning two warships sent a broadside toward the fort. The cannon balls sank into the soft wood and no splinters flew about.

Inside the drummers beat madly and every patriot sprang into position. They were not all trained gunners but they had lived in the woods and were good hunters.

Hour after hour, all through the long hot day, the British cannon thundered and roared. Their cannonballs fell thick and fast about the little fort and sank deep into the walls of logs and sand.

More slowly came the volleys from Fort Sullivan, for the powder was low. But every shot from the patriots' guns found its mark. The British sails were rent in a million ribbons. Their sides were full of holes and their gunners were shot down at their posts. Others took their places and the battle went on.

On the roof tops of Charleston the people watched anxiously. This little fort was all that stood between them and the guns of British ships.

Suddenly to their dismay they saw the blue crescent flag drop onto the sand outside of the fort. A ball from a man-of-war had cut away the staff. A moan came from the people on the roofs but soon it

changed to admiration, for up on the top of the wall of the fort leaped Sergeant William Jasper. The whole length of the walls he ran and jumping down to the sand grabbed up the fallen banner.

"Do not let us fight without a flag, Colonel!" he cried as he climbed back on the top again. Around him the cannon balls whistled and whizzed but he did not seem to notice. In plain sight of the whole British fleet, he ripped the flag from the shattered staff, fastened it to a sponging rod and stood it upright on the wall again.

A loud cheer went up in the fort behind him, and over on the roof tops the hearts skipped a beat and went on, for Fort Sullivan had not surrendered.

The golden sun of evening went down behind the hills and the stars of heaven twinkled brightly. But the cannonade kept on. Now and then splashes of light rent the evening sky and now and then a great burst of flame lit up the darkness and died away again.

On board the British ships the wounded and the dead lay in the cockpit. Great holes were in the sides of the *Bristol,* Sir Peter Parker's ship, his mast was gone and the Captain's arm had been shot away. Sir Peter had also been touched, for a cannon ball had shot away the seat of his breeches.

In all his life he had never seen a more terrible battle.

When eleven o'clock came the British ships slipped noiselessly away, except the *Actaen* which had run aground early in the battle. Under the cover of darkness a few patriots rowed out to the ship and stole some powder. Then the ship caught fire. The flames grew higher and higher and all at once the ship seemed to rise bodily from the sea and bursting into a million pieces fell back into the water, for the magazine holding the powder had exploded.

All through the night the people of the city watched from their roof tops for some sign to show that the fort had not surrendered. When morning came again the ships were far away and save for a piece of driftwood here and there, a spar or a piece of sail, or a cask or a mast floating calmly on the sea, there was no sign of the battle.

In the little palmetto fort the men slept against the sandy bulwarks, against the iron cannon or in the basket holding the shot.

Over them waved the blue flag of South Carolina with its crescent moon and the white word LIBERTY.

It was tattered and riddled by the shot and shell from the British guns and the day after the battle the wife of Major Bernard Elliott gave the gallant men a new pair of silk colors. One side was red and the other blue and bore the white crescent and the watchword of the colonies, "LIBERTY."

And all at once Sergeant Jasper found he was a hero.

When Governor Rutledge came out from the city he asked at once for the brave man who had walked the length of the ramparts to save the flag. He gave the courageous sergeant his own sword and the officers tried to make him a lieutenant but William Jasper who had come from the deep woods along the Pedee River could neither read nor write.

"I'm not fit to mingle with officers," he said, "and so I'll stay a sergeant, if you don't mind!"

In honor of the brave commander who defended the fort, its name was changed to Fort Moultrie.

*As soon as the British left Boston, General Washington took the greater part of his army and marched away to New York where the forces of General Howe might come at any time, for New York was full of Tories who were taking sides with the King.*

*He had been in New York but a short time when he heard that the British and Tories had made plans to land in New York and cut the colonies in two, then attack each part separately. They intended to set fire to the magazine, murder the Commander-in-Chief and his officers, or else carry them back to England to be tried as traitors; but, a true patriot heard of the plot and it was put to an end.*

*Feeling ran very high in New York. Even the students at King's College which later became Columbia had their clubs for and against liberty—*

## THE FLAG OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S BATTERY

High above King's College in old New York, the scarlet English banner with its crosses of St. Andrew and St. George waved proudly, while above it, as though upon the head of some great ruler, sat the emblem of royalty, a golden crown.

Below, on the College Green near the Park Place gate, Alexander Hamilton was in close conversation with some of his classmates. His hair was reddish brown with a deep golden tint and was worn combed back from his forehead and tied with a knot of black ribbon at the neck, and his cheeks were rosy with good health. Although he was below medium height and quite slender he had a very distinguished appearance, for in his face and from his deep violet blue eyes shone the radiance of a brilliant understanding mind.

The laces at his neck and the linen ruffles at his wrists were of spiderweb fineness and his coat of gray broadcloth turned up with lavender and trimmed with huge silver buttons was of the most fashionable cut.

Ever since he had landed in Boston, from his long

voyage from his home on the Island of Nevis in the West Indies and had come to New York, Alexander Hamilton had heard of the Stamp Act and of the Boston Tea Party. But as he had come to the Colonies to study he gave very little thought to the troubles of the people. Besides, he had always had a great liking for England, although he had never been there, and it seemed to him that such a country as Great Britain could not and would not be unjust. So he made friends with the sons of the Tories and the sons of the patriots and listened to them both but never gave out an opinion of his own, for he had given no time to making up his mind which side was in the right.

While the patriots gathered on the corners of Batteau Street and he saw them in twos and threes on the way to the Battery where he was in the habit of walking in the evening, and the students met in their rooms and at the clubs to talk over the cause of liberty, he went calmly on with his studies, for he was trying to do five years of work in two.

In the spring of 1774, when he had visited Boston he had found the beautiful city in great trouble. He had seen the British army in occupation and he had attended a few meetings of the patriots, where Doctor Warren and Samuel Adams had spoken with such eloquence. At once he began to study the question and as usual he went to the very bottom and

studied upward. When he had finished he was heart and soul with the Americans.

He joined their Liberty Clubs and became their leader.

And so, that morning, when he stood beside the Park Place gate of King's College, his friends were urging him to go to the meeting of patriots, and speak to them. Alexander Hamilton did not wish to, as he was so young and the other speakers would be much older. Finally he said he would go with them, to listen only. Many speakers had stood upon the platform and the audience was about to go to their homes when the student body of patriots gathered Alexander up in their arms and rushed upon the platform with him.

At first he was a little bit shy but after a few words he began to speak with such enthusiasm that those who were about to go home halted and came back and all listened with rapt attention. For this young college boy was a born orator. From that time he began to be known all over New York as the silver tongued college boy. His articles appeared in the papers, in Holt's *New York Journal* and others, although under a different name, and he was invited to speak at many meetings.

Although college went on as usual in spite of the great excitement around it, and Hamilton kept up his studies, he had found time to join a small com-

Alex. Hamilton's Battery at White Plains

pany of his friends who called themselves the "HEARTS OF OAK," to drill every morning under their banner "FREEDOM OR DEATH," and to study military science and gunnery.

One day the Committee of Safety ordered the militia to take the cannons from the Battery down on the water front, and hide them away for safety. So at nine o'clock in the evening the "HEARTS OF OAK," dressed in their green uniforms turned up with brown leather, and leather caps, joined the militia and accompanied by some citizens and a company of Minute Men under Colonel Mosher paraded down the street to the Battery. There, along the wall stood the twenty-one eighteen pounders and some small cannon and in the bay lay the *Asia,* British man-of-war. One of the armed citizens fired off his musket and at once the *Asia* sent out a boat to inquire into the trouble.

Soon the barge with the British soldiers who were to watch the patriots sent a musket ball into their midst. The patriots replied with a volley and soon the *Asia* opened her portholes and sent three cannon balls ashore.

Captain Lamb who was in command of militia ordered the drums to beat, the church bells began to peal and during the noise and confusion several houses nearby caught fire from the *Asia's* broadsides. But the little company of patriots went on with

its work, in spite of the fact that many of its men were wounded and some even killed. Before morning all of the guns had been carried away and hidden. On the College Green the grass had been disturbed, for underneath the earth lay two cannons which the "Hearts of Oak" had stowed away for safe keeping, until they might be needed.

In January, 1776, when the convention of New York decided to raise a company of artillery, Alexander Hamilton applied for a captaincy. And on the fourteenth of March he was made a captain of the Provincial Company of Artillery under Colonel McDougall.

Early in April, General Putnam came down from Boston and began to fortify the city of New York. General Lee had started the work some time before but had been called to take charge of the troops around Charleston, South Carolina. By the time General Washington arrived with the rest of his Continental army, on the thirteenth of April, the work was partly finished.

Every street in the little city of New York that led up from the water front was barricaded with logs, some of mahogany that had been taken from the West India boats. All about in the little coves and bays of the harbor was a miniature navy of sloops and rowlocks and schooners and whale-boats, waiting to help the Continental army.

When the British fleet finally arrived, before the Declaration of Independence had been read to the troops, the forts were not quite finished. Lord Howe, who still hoped to make peace, waited in the bay. The summer sun beat down on the ships in the harbor and the British made no move. Idly they rode at anchor with sails furled while the decks seemed to overflow, so full they were, with men.

When the Declaration of Independence had been read to the Americans the country's excitement knew no bounds and although Lord Howe tried to make some kind of peace terms the people would not listen, for they would not go back to the old form of government.

Then came the news that the British were landing on Long Island.

The Continental army which was already stationed on Brooklyn Heights sent into the camps on shore for more men.

Among the troops called out was Hamilton's company of artillery. As he crossed the harbor waters and breathed the keen fresh air and saw the beautiful waterfowl as they rose and circled above, he thought that this wonderful country was worth any kind of a struggle if they could keep it free, for it was too glorious to be a slave.

Day after day, until four had passed, General Howe spent in coming closer on one of the four

roads that led to Brooklyn Heights. While in the bay his brother who was in charge of the fleet bombarded the works from the front.

On the twenty-eighth of August, while the ships' guns rained grapeshot and shell from every side of the water front on the fortifications up on the Heights, the British came through Bedford Pass and surprised a great force of Americans, who were waiting outside of the redoubts. Bravely they fought, Hamilton among them, but the hired Hessians attacked the patriots with such brutality that they were terrified and gave up. A great many officers and men were taken prisoners while the rest fled to the earthen fort on the hill top. Thus the Battle of Long Island came to an end, for the British were too wise to storm the hill as they had done at Bunker Hill.

They fell back, resting on their laurels and sent a swift ship to England to tell of the victory.

As soon as he could, General Washington came over from New York with more men. He began to fortify the Heights even more, for he hoped the British would charge them. Instead, the British decided to lay seige to the ten thousand troops on the hills and starve them out.

This, General Washington was too good a commander to let happen and he sent out a swift message to all of the boats in that queer little navy.

A merciful fog came down, covering all the land

and the sea, and under its friendly cloak the sloops and row-locks, the fishing smacks and yawls, and schooners and whale-boats came to the ferry-stairs, filled with human freight, and departed in the mist. All night, until four in the morning, the troops were carried across to the mainland while Washington stood on the water-steps and directed their departure. He was tired, but not too tired to cheer his disheartened men or to stay until the last man had departed into the fog and gloom on his way to New York.

All night Alexander Hamilton had listened with his men for a sound that might tell him whether the British had heard them and were moving. None came, for a steady rain beat down and the men's feet made no sound in the mud.

Last of all those thousands of men to go was the artillery under Captain Hamilton. When they *did* pass they could see nearby the tall figure of their commander on the water-steps as he directed the sailing of the sloop.

The hour was striking seven when General Washington finally left Long Island. Every gun, every cannon, every bit of ammunition and every bit of food had been taken with them and when the British marched into the redoubts a little later not an atom of any useful thing could be found. They were as barren as a freshly plowed field.

A short time after Congress had voted not to try

to hold New York, Washington and his troops fell back to Harlem Heights. With the army was a great multitude of patriots who had not been able to escape to the Jersey shore.

It was a hot Sunday morning when they started and the sun poured down as though in the middle of summer. Some of the people gave up and lay down by the wayside while others were carried on by their friends. It was a long weary march but at last the thirteen miles were covered. Alexander Hamilton and his officers were as tired as any of them for they, too, trudged along on foot. On the way they had to go through a pass, and the weary people had almost all tramped through when a company of British Light Horse bore down on their rear. Captain Hamilton's company of artillery was last in line and so turning his guns upon the enemy he opened fire full in their faces.

The British were finally driven off and the little company of artillery hurried through the pass as fast as they could and joined the retreating patriots.

Then the weather changed and a cold rain came down so that when the patriots reached Harlem Heights they had to lie on wet ground with no tents over their heads. Early in the morning they rose and began to dig trenches and throw up walls.

Later in the day the British came up and fired on

the American redoubts. For four hours Captain Hamilton helped his men train and fire their two guns and when at night the British had ceased to fire off their own, he lay down on the ground between his two cannons and slept soundly.

Then Howe tried to surprise Washington by landing in his rear but the Commander-in-Chief was too watchful. He withdrew his army to the hills around White Plains and waited for the English and Hessians to come up.

On the twenty-eighth of October the armies were near each other at White Plains.

Up under the trees of Chatterton's Hill Captain Hamilton stationed his men. He could see Colonel Rufus Putnam's New Englanders and their pine tree banner as they hurriedly threw up their breastworks, and he could see a deep red flag in the distance with the word "LIBERTY" on it.

It was a many colored army. There were the men from Delaware in blue, dressed so nearly like the Hessians that they were sometimes mistaken for them, and there were the Pennsylvania Riflemen dressed in black or white hunting shirts, and Lasher's New York battalion in gray and blue and green with different colored cockades in their three-cornered hats, and gay sashes, too. There were the scarlet uniformed men from Maryland, and many others with as many banners.

While across the Bronx River where the British waited for the right moment to cross, were the blue of the Hessians, the plaids of the Highlanders and the bright red of the British regulars.

Hamilton on his rock ledge, dressed in blue and buff, looked at the array. While he waited for the British to advance, his men ran up their flag.

It was a pure white silk flag and on it were the words, "LIBERTY OR DEATH," while embroidered across it in blue was a sword crossed by a staff on which a liberty cap rested.

They had no sooner finished doing this and admiring it as it waved above them than the Hessians began to come down the hill on the other side of the narrow stream. There was no bridge and the Hessians refused to cross the swollen stream and so the British workmen began to put up one. For a half hour Alexander Hamilton waited and watched and then his two guns opened fire on the Hessians. The first shot hit the bridge and sent the splinters of wood flying, killing the workmen, and the next shot dropped among the Hessians. Frightened and confused they fell back in a panic. But the British regulars rallied and came on up the hill where twelve hundred men were waiting for them.

There had been little time to build defences but the Americans fired upon the Redcoats from behind every stone wall and jutting rock, and Captain

Hamilton's two-gun battery loaded and fired as fast as they could.

The hills echoed with the sound of the cannons' roar and the air was full of smoke and the whizz of shot and the bursting of shells.

From behind the walls and trees the men from Maryland and the New Yorkers took aim and fired. The Pennsylvania Riflemen did their duty as usual and the men from Delaware tried to bring forward a cannon but a British shot struck the carriage and set fire to the wad of tow and scattered the shot about and so they had to leave the gun and flee. But one man remained behind to stamp out the blaze.

Alexander Hamilton filled his hat with small balls and stuffing them into his gun peppered the British light infantry and cavalry, while the Hessians again advanced. The British cavalry attacked the American militia who gave way and began to retreat and the brave artillery company and McDougall's men were forced to fall back to the American lines.

Carrying their wounded and dragging their two guns they retreated in good order.

Then Howe decided to wait for more men to come up and rain began to fall in a thick heavy downpour. When he was ready to advance, the Americans had slipped away to strong fortifications at North Castle.

He decided to leave them alone and went off down the Hudson.

*But on the sixteenth of November, General Howe captured Fort Washington and the entire garrison. Three thousand men of the American army were made prisoners.*

*Then General Washington began to lead his little army southward, only a step ahead of General Howe, whose army sometimes entered a town as Washington's rear guard was leaving it.*

*Congress fled from Philadelphia as the armies approached. The British had possession of Canada, New York, Long Island and New Jersey and the outlook was very black for the Americans.*

*Christmas came. In the dark of that bitter night—*

## THE WESTMORELAND FLAG

It was Christmas night and in the farmhouses the children played around the candle lighted rooms, or tired from much feasting and a happy day full of pleasures, had toddled off to bed.

In Trenton, General Rahl, the commander of the hired Hessian troops, made merry with his host. Once during the night, in the wee small hours toward morning, a servant brought him a message, but General Rahl was having a party and could not be interrupted. And, yet again, the servant brought him a letter, but the General thrust it into his pocket.

The night was bitter cold, and one by one the sentries came in from their posts in the snow and warmed themselves by the fire of the guard house, and remained there.

"No," they said to each other as they warmed their cold feet, "nothing to guard tonight. No one would be out on a night like this. And the Americans are on the other side of the Delaware. We've nothing to fear."

Not many miles away, on the other side of the river filled with floating ice a dark object shot out upon the water. Now it seemed to be swallowed up

by the waves and again it was hidden by a huge chunk of ice that drifted against it. Then it appeared and making its way between the cakes of ice drew up on the New Jersey shore. Still other dark spots put out from that shore and neared the opposite one until it seemed that the river at that point was full of tossing boats. In each boat, whose oarlocks were so well greased that they made no sound, were some of the tattered and torn, poorly-clad army of America.

These twenty-two hundred men were all that were left of the great Continental army of eighteen thousand men which had gathered around New York six months before. Their journey through New Jersey had been a sad one, for, one after the other, they had had to give up the forts. As time went on and winter came the men grew discouraged, and some went home when their terms were up. Some had been taken prisoners and others were ill or wounded and many had been killed. Only the remnant of an army of patriots still followed General Washington. If he felt discouraged or down-hearted he did not say so, but his face and firm jaw showed that he had made up his mind to win this war for freedom, and nothing was going to stop him. Every day as the soldiers seemed to melt away, he grew sterner.

The British army were in nice warm cozy quarters for the winter, in Trenton and New Brunswick.

Washington Encouraging Proctor's Men at Princeton

And General Howe and Lord Cornwallis were in New York.

As soon as George Washington heard that the British army were so divided he made up his mind to take their stores which were at New Brunswick.

So, on Christmas night when all but the little Continental army were by their warm firesides, the cold and hungry patriots gathered on the Pennsylvania shore and boarded the little fleet of boats under Glover who with his queer navy had taken the Americans away from Brooklyn.

It was not an easy thing to do, to take this tired lot of men across the river. It was still harder to take the guns and horses, but Glover's regiment of Marblehead and Gloucester fishermen were able to, although it took all night. Back and forth between the shores the sturdy men rowed their boats, wending their way between the great cakes of ice that bobbed along in the swift current. When the patriots reached the New Jersey shore they tried to find some corner where the piercing wind could not reach them but the low hills gave no shelter.

At three o'clock while General Washington waited for the last load of Colonel Knox's artillery to come over, two messengers found him. They had followed the bloody footprints of the almost shoeless army. The news the messengers brought was not at all

cheerful, for they said that the two companies, on which Washington had counted, could not get across the river. Their commanders thought it would be best to wait until some other time to try to take the stores at New Brunswick.

It was bad news but Washington had no idea of giving up his plan. He divided his little army into two parts. One, which was under General Sullivan, who had been captured at Brooklyn Heights and had been exchanged, started down the lower road. Washington and General Greene took the rest of the men and marched down the upper road.

As these shoeless, mittenless, cold and hungry men started down the highway a sleety snow began to fall. It beat against their faces and bit their hands whose numbed fingers could hardly hold their muskets and flintlocks, so cold they were.

Soon General Sullivan sent a messenger up across the fields to Washington to say that his men's guns were wet and could not be shot off.

But nothing could stop George Washington now.

"What did the general say?" asked General Sullivan when the tattered messenger came back from his errand.

"General Washington says, 'Use your bayonets and push on!'" Before the messenger's words were finished, the patriots had slipped their bayonets over the barrels of their guns, and marched onward.

The gray dawn of a cold winter day was just creeping over the low hills when the servant rushed in to General Rahl with his written message, that the Americans were on the way. But General Rahl was having a party and, slipping the letter into his pocket, paid no attention. Thus the sentinels in the guard house toasting their shins before the fire, were surprised and captured.

At the sound of guns, out from the barracks and houses where they were living, rushed the Hessians. Some were in their night clothes and some were but partly dressed. Surrounding them they saw the ragged patriots with bayonets fixed and pointing toward them.

Down toward the river they hurried, but General Sullivan's men met them and turned them back. Down the Brunswick road they ran, as fast as they could, but Colonel Hand with his Pennsylvania riflemen met them there. Then back to the little village streets rushed the frantic Hessians.

Out from the house in which he was staying ran General Rahl and ordered the drums to beat. They gave a long roll, but it was too late, for the American artillery under Captain William Washington and Lieutenant James Monroe, was trained upon them. Their general, who wished he had read the note, was badly wounded and the Hessians were forced to surrender, and give up their flags.

Into the hands of Washington's army fell the guns of the Hessians, and some of their warm woolen clothes and their food.

Then the Americans were down-hearted no longer. They captured warm clothing and one thousand complete sets of arms—rifles and cartridge boxes and belts, and bayonets. There were blankets, too, which were sadly needed. Besides all these there were six field guns and ever so much powder and a great amount of balls and shells. Nine hundred Hessian prisoners were taken; one thousand had been wounded and killed but the Americans had only two wounded men. They had lost two poor fellows who had been frozen to death.

In New York, Lord Cornwallis had his boxes packed. He was about to sail for a visit to England when a messenger galloped up to his door with the word that General Washington had captured Trenton and made the regiment of Hessians, prisoners.

"This is too much," said Lord Cornwallis. "I'll put an end to this. I'll stop this rebellion now!" He gathered an army of seven thousand British and started out to capture Washington and finish the war.

"Now we will crush him," said Howe and Cornwallis, as they hastily mounted and rode away, "so that he, who never seems to know when he is beaten, will never rise again!"

By this time Washington's army was gathered in Trenton. It was the last day of the year and the last day of the terms of the patriots who had enlisted for a certain length of time. They were all tired of the war and ready to go home.

But before they left General Washington wished to speak to them. Therefore, on the cold snow covered ground he had them parade before him. And then he spoke to them.

"Stay by me, men," he begged. "Stay, and I'll promise you'll never be sorry. As for your pay, I'll give it to you out of my own private fortune. Do not leave me now when we have just won the Battle of Trenton! Give me six weeks more, and I, and this beautiful land shall always be grateful! Stay now, and meet the English who are on their way to stop us. They want to crush us but we will not be beaten. Stay with me, I beg of you!"

From company to company he rode, begging and urging and cheering them, until that little army of patriots was filled with enthusiasm and promised to remain with him and follow this noble, brave and beloved leader through thick and thin.

Soon a messenger came to Washington with five hundred dollars that Robert Morris had collected for the cause of liberty by going from door to door in Philadelphia. The next day he sent up to Washington fifty thousand dollars which he had borrowed and

promised to pay back out of his own pocket if Congress could not do it. For the first time in months the Continental army was paid a part of their wages, which had been owing to them.

On the second of January, 1777, Lord Cornwallis began to march from Princeton toward Trenton. Every step of the way General Greene's riflemen fired upon them. On they came, while the riflemen shot at them from behind the trees and fences and made their march as hard for them as they could, so that General Washington had time to cross the Assunpink River and mass his artillery at the stone bridge, and his lines for two miles along the bank.

When twilight came over the land the British made three charges on the bridge but they were driven back. Then the British officers wanted their leader to send his men around, cross the creek where it was shallow, and surround Washington's little army.

Cornwallis did not want to do it. He said the British were tired. They had marched in the mud all day and had fought when they were weary and all needed a rest.

"The sly old fox cannot escape me now," said Cornwallis. "I have him cornered!"

His army rested, and slept soundly, for across the stream the "rebels" were getting ready for the next day. The British sentries could see the patriots mending their great fires and could see them marching

up and down, up and down. They could see the gleam of their guns and hear the sound of their voices.

All night the sentinels on the American side mended the fires, making a great racket and showed themselves many times by the side of them. But they were alone, for the "Old Fox" had slipped away, out of the trap the British had planned for him. By the time morning came he, and his patriots, had made their way around the sleeping British army and were marching toward Princeton and the stores at New Brunswick. The patriots had sent their heavy baggage to General Putnam at Philadelphia, had wound their wheels with straw and had spoken no words aloud as they followed General Washington over the old Quaker Road.

They could not travel very fast, for the way was very rough. It was full of stumps and sticks and the men stumbled over them in the darkness. As the night went on the weather changed and the ground was frozen hard and lumpy. When daylight came the earth was covered with a white frost. It covered the trees and froze the melted snow to icicles on the branches. The sunlight set it all agleam, like a great fairyland. It also sparkled on the barrels of the guns of a small number of Continentals who were going to guard the Stony Brook Bridge as long as possible, and then destroy it before the British could cross.

As the sun sparkled on the barrels of the patriots' guns, a part of the British army that was on its way to join Cornwallis caught the glimmer. Straightway they turned about and recrossed the bridge.

There was a little rise of land nearby and both armies rushed toward it. The Americans were the quicker. In the face of their enemy the patriots began at once to fire off their guns but the British, and they were a very brave lot, marched on, toward the very mouths of those guns.

General Mercer's horse was shot from under him, and as he stood on the ground he was struck by the butt of a gun in the hands of a British soldier.

"Surrender, you rebel!" cried the soldier.

"I'm no rebel!" cried General Mercer and he cut about him with his sword.

"Ask for quarter!" demanded the soldier.

"Ask for quarter!" cried several others. But General Mercer said nothing. Still wielding his sword, he defied them. Then they leaped on him with their bayonets and left him for dead on the field. Kind hands and willing arms bore him to a farmhouse where he passed away a week afterward.

To his men all seemed lost when their leader was carried from the field, and discouraged, they could not fight.

Then out from the woods at their backs rushed the brave militia of Pennsylvania. They had been

hurried up in double quick time by Washington who had heard the roar of the guns. So, with banners flying and guns ready they dashed upon the field of battle.

At the head of the Westmoreland battalion rode Colonel Proctor. Beside him came the color-bearer carrying their scarlet rattlesnake flag on which was embroidered in gold, the letters J.P. for John Proctor and I.B.W.C.P. for First Battalion Westmoreland County Provincials and underneath, was the motto, "DON'T TREAD ON ME." Up in the corner were the King's Colors.

Into the thickest of the fight the Pennsylvania militia sprang. These men from the forests and farms stormed forward until, face to face, they met the British bayonets. Even then they loaded and fired and loaded again. Their brave banner that had spread out so proudly seemed to droop sadly downward and dragged in the snow, as inch by inch Proctor's men were pushed back. For scarcely any of those men in the Pennsylvania militia had ever fired a gun, and they were confused by the smoke and noise of the battle. Most of all they feared those dreadful bayonets.

Suddenly they were seen to surge forward again and out of the smoke of the battle the flag seemed to rise and spread out, to show its glory.

During this time Washington disappeared from

view. His brave aide de camp could find him nowhere and he was frantic. But when the smoke lifted a bit over Mercer's brave brigade and the Pennsylvania militia, there was General George Washington in the very front lines, cheering and urging on the men. Bullets rained around the great commander and shell burst near him but he went on toward the British, closely followed by his devoted army of patriots, who, now that they had him to lead them, had lost their fear. As he watched, the aide thinking to see General Washington struck from his horse, covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

On, on, on, went the patriots and the British trained soldiers fell back before the farmers of Pennsylvania. Foot by foot and yard by yard the British retreated, until they broke into a run. Some fled toward Princeton and hid in Nassau Hall, where they were found and captured, and some fled down the road toward Trenton but Washington had no cavalry and could not follow them.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "if I had eight hundred fresh men I could capture the stores at New Brunswick!" But his men were tired and while some of them broke down the bridge so that the British could not follow, although many Redcoats jumped into and tried to cross the icy stream, George Washington marched away with his victorious army to Morristown. Down

the road they went, weary but happy. Against the white snow the scarlet banner of Westmoreland waved a farewell to Cornwallis who was glad to hasten away to protect his stores at New Brunswick.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*After the Declaration of Independence was signed the Grand Union Flag which Washington had given his army and which flew over the navy as well, was not suitable; for the states were now declared to be free and independent and did not claim to belong to England, and therefore the King's Colors in the canton had to be changed.*

*Just when the "Stars and Stripes" was first planned is not known but the story we have heard is that—*

## THE BIRTH OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

Betsy Ross sat sewing in her back parlor on Arch Street in Philadelphia. On her lap lay a long strip of finest linen which she was hemming with stitches that were almost too tiny to be seen. One end of the ruffle was held firmly in the beak of a brass "Sewing Bird" fastened to the table in front of her.

As she worked she hummed a song softly so that she could still listen for the tiny tinkle of the bell on her shop door in the front of her house. However it was not likely that anyone would be in to buy, for these were troubled days when very few people had any extra money to spend.

Down on the corner of Bread Street the children were playing mumblety peg. She could hear them scream with joy when the loser had to pull out with his teeth the peg which had been driven into the ground by the winner. She could hear the rumble of the narrow coaches as they rattled over the cobblestone pavement. The sound of a fife and drum came nearer and nearer as some company of Pennsylvania militia paraded past her shop, and she could hear the shouts of the company of boys who ran along behind.

Then she heard the clatter of many hoofs, and she reached her shop window just in time to see the riders of the Philadelphia Light Horse Troop prance by with their beautiful banner floating proudly in their midst. It was a sight of which she never seemed to tire.

But she had many ruffles to finish for General Washington and she wanted to get them done and send them to him. So she went back to her chair and took up her work again.

"When thou hast finished dusting thee may make a cherry tart, Anne," said Betsy Ross, as her little maid began to dust the prisms on the sconces. "Thee must be very careful of the prisms, for if thou didst break one I would grieve," she said in her quaint Quaker way. For although Betsy Ross's name had been crossed off from the records of the Friends' church when she ran away and married the Episcopal minister's son, John Ross, and a great black smudge had been drawn through her name by a finger covered with ink, she still spoke in the manner she had been taught in her childhood.

She had had to leave her own church but she was very happy and proud when, with her young husband she entered the door of the great box pew in Christ Church and sat beneath her husband's father who was in the pulpit.

On other days she helped her husband who kept

The Betsy Ross Flag - 1777
Birth of the Stars and Stripes

an upholstery shop. All day long she sang as she made the tiny stitches in her part of the work, until one day, while her husband was watching over some stores that were on the wharf ready to be sent to the Continental army in Boston. Suddenly the whole wharf seemed to explode and John was one of those who was wounded and died soon afterward.

After this she had to earn her own living. She moved into the house next door and started her shop in her front parlor. As she was a very fine needlewoman she had plenty to do.

"Oh, Mistress," whispered the little maid, as she peeked through the window of the shop, "three fine gentlemen are coming in!"

"Go, bring me my new cap with the mauve ribbons," whispered Mistress Ross as she smoothed her full skirt and fixed her kerchief.

Then, when her maid brought the new cap, she put it on her head and stepped to the door between the two rooms. In the little shop stood three gentlemen. One was her husband's uncle, George Ross, who had signed the Declaration of Independence, and one was plump Robert Morris who was such a great patriot that he went from door to door begging for money for the Continental army. The third was General Washington.

Picking up her skirts very daintily, she dropped a deep low curtsy.

"Good day, niece," said her uncle.

"Good day, Mistress Ross," said Washington. "We have come today to ask your help in making a flag for our country. We do not feel pleased with the Grand Union Flag because of the King's Colors in the canton. So we have planned another."

"You can make one, can't you?" asked her husband's uncle.

"To be sure she can," spoke up Robert Morris. "No one could do it any better than she. Does anyone make finer neckwear?"

"It's different making a flag. But I would like to try. Tell me the idea," she said.

Then General Washington took from his leather pocketbook a small piece of paper on which was a rough drawing of a flag. It had thirteen stripes but a circle of white stars on a blue field took the place of the King's Colors.

"What do you think of it?" asked he.

"I think it will be beautiful!" exclaimed Betsy Ross. "I shall be honored to make it. But, gentlemen, hast thou considered that these six pointed stars are not as they are in heraldry? Those are five pointed. I'll show you."

With one snip of the scissors she cut a paper she had folded and, opening it, showed it to them. It was a star with five perfect points.

For a few minutes they talked over the design of

the flag and when they left, and Betsy Ross had dropped them another curtsy, she had promised to make them a flag as quickly as she possibly could.

As soon as the flag, the new flag of America, was finished she presented it to General Washington with her own hands. He was very much pleased, for the flag of stripes with its circle of thirteen stars was all that he had wished. And on June 14, 1777, Congress voted to have the flag of "Stars and Stripes" for the banner of the United States.

Long afterward, when Betsy Ross had been married twice since Congress had resolved to have a flag of "Stars and Stripes," she was happiest when she gathered her children around her and told them the story of the making of the "Betsy Ross Flag" and showed them how to cut the stars.

While Congress was voting to adopt the new flag of "Stars and Stripes," a little fort in the wilds of New York (where Rome, New York, stands) was getting ready to defend itself and the women and children within it from the Indians and the British.

Years before, during the French and Indian Wars the little fort had been the gateway to the west and Canada. It had been built by General Stanwix and named after him. But when the War of Independence came the name of Fort Stanwix had been changed to Fort Schuyler in honor of the man who had charge of the army of New York.

As soon as the Indians became friends with the British and their allies or partners, and General Schuyler knew that they would try to come down from Canada, he remembered the fort and sent Colonel Gansevoort to build it up. His engineer must have been very poor, for when Colonel Willet arrived in July, with more men for the little fort, hardly any work had been done. They started at once to clean out the ditch which had filled in, and threw the dirt and grass up against the walls which were made of logs standing on end and pointed at the top. Then they put in new logs wherever they were needed and built up the fort within the stockade or palisade.

Every day there were signs that Indian scouts lurked around the little fort. One day three little girls stepped through the great log gate to gather some flowers—daisies and buttercups. While they were playing there, eating a few blackberries from the bushes and making daisy chains, some painted savages leaped upon them. Two of the little girls were scalped and the other was wounded in her shoulder but she was able to run toward the fort where she was met by some of the garrison, and carried inside.

After this no one was allowed to go outside of the stockade, unless it might be one of the men on business. Scouts were sent out to the farmers along the Mohawk valley and those in the fort watched day and night.

Soon the scouts came to tell the soldiers in the fort that what they expected was going to happen. The British and their friends the Indians were on their way from Canada. They had crossed Lake Ontario, reached Oswego and were now on their way down the Oswego River to the Seneca River and Onondaga Lake and headed for Oneida Lake. They would soon reach the Mohawk River and from there they were going to follow the river to Albany and join Burgoyne's army.

When General Schuyler in Albany heard this, he made up his mind to keep this gateway closed and not let the British into the Mohawk Valley if he could help it.

So, on the second day of August, 1777, two large bateaux or barges could be seen afar off on the Mohawk River. Skirting the shore and keeping under the shade of the great willow trees that grew on the banks they moved toward the fort. Running swiftly along the bank, but nearer the fort was one of the scouts.

Quickly the great log gate was opened and the scout ran in.

"It's Lieutenant Mellen and he has two hundred men with him and supplies, food and powder and shot!" In his joy he could hardly tell his news, for this little garrison had not had very much powder or shot and no cannon balls for their guns.

Down to the waterside rushed the men and helped take in the stores and then after a hearty meal they sat around in the twilight and listened to the news of the world outside.

Lieutenant Mellen told them all he knew of the two armies and of Congress.

"The same day that John Paul Jones was given command of the *Ranger*," said he, "Congress adopted a flag!"

Colonel Gansevoort took his long Dutch pipe from his mouth.

"And so you kept the best news for the last. Eh?" he said.

"I knew you would be pleased and I even have a little picture of it here in my waistcoat pocket," Lieutenant Mellen said as he drew the candle nearer and spread out the paper on the table. "This is the resolve," he said, and read aloud:

"RESOLVED; that the flag of the United States of America be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a New Constellation." Below was a picture of what has been called the "Betsy Ross Flag."

"See," he said, "it's the striped Grand Union Flag but the union of crosses is gone and in its place are stars on a blue field. They mean a new constellation, a new nation in the world. General Washington is

said to have helped to plan it. He said, 'We take the star from Heaven, the red from our mother, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity, representing liberty.' "

"Our little fort has never had a flag," said Colonel Willet wistfully.

"We could make one," said one of the women who sat quietly knitting by the fireside. "That is, if we had anything to make it of."

"What *could* we use?" asked another, as she thought a moment. "We could find enough white stripes out of the men's ammunition shirts. And we *could* use a red petticoat for the red stripes. But where would we get the blue for the field?"

"I can't think," said the first. "I have not a scrap of dark blue in my boxes."

"Why, ladies," said Captain Abraham Swartwout, who had been listening to the soldiers' wives as they talked by the fire, "for such a cause as this I'll give my camlet coat."

"Oh, la," said the soldier's wife, " 'twould be a shame to cut up that beautiful coat. Can't we think of something else?"

But no other piece of blue could be found, although they searched the fort.

Therefore, on the next morning, which was Sunday, the camlet coat was ripped up and pieced to-

gether in many pieces to make a field of blue. The white ammunition shirts were cut up and the red petticoat torn in strips.

"Do you think, Tabitha," asked one of the women, "that we shall have to pick out these stitches with our noses when we die, for doing them on Sunday?"

"Oh, Elizabeth, to think of such a thing at a time like this! Even now the British and hoards of Tories, to say nothing of the naked savages, are on their way. I heard the scout who came in say that they were already on the river and some are coming by land. And just as if it isn't God's work we are doing, to give our brave men a flag to fight for! Give me the thread!"

She stitched away busily for a time, looking now and then at the picture of the flag, and nothing was said.

Tabitha could not be silent for long.

"Did you hear them say that we have just enough cannonballs for a few rounds a day if we should be besieged, and we all alone in the wilderness?" she asked.

"Oh," spoke up a lad of fifteen, Robert Wilson, who happened to be cleaning his gun near them. "We're not all alone, for even now General Herkimer is on his way to help us."

"Why, Robert," asked Tabitha, "how do you know that?"

"I heard it, if you want to know," cried Robert. "You always think I never know anything, just because I haven't got whiskers down to my chest. I'll show you that I can fight as well as any grown man."

The silvery laughter of Elizabeth and Tabitha followed him as he flung himself indignantly away. Soon the stripes of red and white were sewn together and the field of blue stitched on. It was slow work for there were no sewing machines in those days. Before the flag was finished, St. Leger and his motley army of Hessians and Tories and British and painted savages were camping near their fort.

As soon as the flag was finished and the last star sewn hastily on, the new flag of "Stars and Stripes" was nailed to a staff and set upon the fort and a cannon was fired in salute. The gun was leveled at the enemy's camp so that there would be no waste of powder and cannonballs.

Every now and then the British sent a volley of shot into the fort but they did not do much damage.

On the sixth of August, a messenger from General Herkimer made his way through the British lines to tell the brave people that if they would sally forth and take the attention of the enemy long enough, General Herkimer would get his men through and into the fort.

However, shortly after the message came, a great thunder shower came up so that they could not set

out at once. It was almost an hour before they sallied forth, as soon as the lightning and heavy rain stopped.

When they did, with beating drums and flag flying, they came upon the Royal Greens and Sir John Johnson so suddenly that he did not have time to put on his coat. Colonel Willet and two hundred men, one hundred from Massachusetts and one hundred from New York, fell upon the British so furiously that they fled across the river and left their stores behind.

At Oriskany a few miles away General Herkimer set out for Fort Schuyler with his little army, when St. Leger's Tories and Indians arose from the forest round about him and with hatchets and tomahawks, rifleballs and pikes, fell upon the patriots. Herkimer's rear guard fled in a panic but his men were not all afraid. Some remained to fight.

For an hour the battle, between the Indians and the patriots, raged. Near a beech tree their leader sat upon his horse and directed the battle, although the bullets sailed through the air close to him.

Finally a bullet killed his horse and shattered his own leg.

Up against the beech tree General Herkimer sat until the Indians and Tories, hearing the sound of Colonel Willet's guns, fled into the woods and the Americans were left alone on the field of battle.

They could not go to the aid of Fort Schuyler, for their leader who had lost much blood from his wound, was carried to his home near Little Falls where he died. In the meantime Colonel Willet sent back to the fort for the seven wagons and the horses that were stored there, to help take away the baggage the English had left behind.

Three times the wagons were filled with clothing and blankets and stores. Sir John Johnson's papers had also been left behind and they contained a great amount of information about the British army. Among the things captured were five English colors.

When Colonel Willet and his brave men reached Fort Schuyler at sunset they fastened the English colors to the flagstaff underneath the "Stars and Stripes." While all the troops, who had climbed to the top of the palisade, cheered until the dark forests rang with their shouts and the echo reached the fleeing army of Royal Greens and their allies, the feather-bedecked, painted Indians.

On August twenty-second when the seige was lifted the "Betsy Ross Flag" as we call it, was still waving over Fort Schuyler.

*While St. Leger and his allies were coming down the lakes and streams toward Fort Stanwix, or Fort Schuyler, Burgoyne and his great army of British, Hessians, Canadians and Tories and Indians, were coming down Lake Champlain from Canada.*

*St. Clair, in command of the American forces in Fort Ticonderoga, awoke one morning to find that the British had climbed to a great height which looked down into the fort, and worst of all had dragged their cannon up after them and aimed them into the parade of the stronghold. There was nothing to do but escape if they could. That night the garrison fled, under cover of the darkness, into Vermont where Colonel Seth Warner and his Green Mountain Boys guarded St. Clair's rear while he took his men to Castleton and from there made his way to Fort Edward.*

*While they guarded the rear of St. Clair's force, the Green Mountain Boys were surprised on the seventh of July by the British. After a sharp battle at Hubbardton (which was the only battle fought in Vermont) they were obliged to disperse for the time being.*

*When General Schuyler heard that Ticonderoga had fallen he hastened up from Saratoga and by felling trees and putting other obstacles in the way managed to hold Burgoyne back, so that he could advance only one mile a day.*

*Then Burgoyne, thinking to strengthen his weakened army, sent a force to Bennington to round up the Tories; but General Stark was near Bennington and he sent to Manchester for Colonel Seth Warner and his Green Mountain Boys who marched all night in the rain to join Stark's force. Soon Reverend Mr. Allen, the fighting parson, came up with his men; and near Bennington, on a plain a few miles away, on New York soil, they met and defeated the British. The fleeing Britishers left almost all of their wounded on the field and all of their artillery.*

*Burgoyne's army was discouraged and some of the Canadians and Indians left; St. Leger could not come up and General Howe had plans of his own and did not appear as he had been told to do, and Burgoyne found he was in grave danger, whether he went forward, stayed where he was, or retreated. He decided to go on, although all of his provisions had to come from the rear, through Canada from England.*

*Up in the hills, waiting for him were Morgan's Men—*

## THE FLAG OF MORGAN'S MEN

TWENTY years before the Americans fought their war for Independence they were fighting side by side with the British Redcoats and under English commanders in the war against the French and Indians.

All along on the frontier were little forts built to guard the western border of the English colonies in America.

In one of these, up against the whipping post stood a large, strong and well built young man whose name was Daniel Morgan. Even though he weighed two hundred pounds he had not an ounce too much of flesh over his great frame for he stood six feet in his stockings.

When he was nothing but a mere boy he had come into the west and had taken up the trade of wagon maker. After a few years he had joined the British army as wagoner.

Just now he was about to be whipped because an officer had struck him and he, in return, with the great strength of his arm had planted a blow on the officer's chin and stretched him on the ground before him. He had not had time to think before he struck the blow, for all his young blood had boiled within

him. If he had thought he would never have struck out himself, for to hit an officer was a serious offence. Every one who did this was tied to the whipping post and lashed with the whip a certain number of times.

That day, the faces of the Americans who had joined the British army were dark and lowering for each one felt that young Daniel Morgan had only done what anyone of them would have done if it had happened to him.

Besides, five hundred lashes was a terrible punishment. So, as the long whip whanged through the air, their glances grew darker and darker.

All of the five hundred lashes were given except one. Through it all not a sound escaped from the young man's lips. Not once did he call out in the shrieks the men had dreaded to hear, although the flesh on his back hung down in ribbons and the great rawhide whip was covered with blood.

When the next to last stroke had been laid across his back he sank to the ground unconscious. Although such a whipping would have killed many another not so strong, Daniel Morgan lived through it and was soon up and around again.

The young officer had not been at all happy when he saw that dreadful punishment and so before the whole company he made a public apology, said that he was in the wrong and asked Daniel Morgan's

pardon. Daniel, who was of ready temper but generous to his enemies, forgave the young officer and thought no more about it.

It was about this time that he met George Washington, the young Virginia engineer who was a lieutenant in the Virginia militia.

They liked each other at once and whenever he could Washington helped Daniel Morgan.

Soon the young wagoner became a captain and had charge of one of the frontier posts himself.

One day, while Morgan was on a trip to see his commanding officer, he and his escort were talking in low tones when suddenly a shot rang out in the forest.

The escort was killed and in another second a bullet struck Daniel Morgan in the back of the neck and going through his jaw knocked out his teeth along one side. Although he was badly wounded he made up his mind not to be scalped by the Indians and so, clinging to his horse's neck and hanging on the best he could, for he was very weak, he galloped out of the woods.

Wildly his horse sped on and at last came to the little fort in the clearing where Daniel Morgan was taken unconscious from the gallant steed who had saved his life.

For a long time he was very ill from his wound but as he was very strong he recovered.

1776
XI VIR A REG
MORGAN'S RIFLE CORPS
Brett

He fought in Lord Dunmore's war in 1774; but when the battle was fought at Lexington and Concord, Daniel Morgan was at his home "Soldier's Rest" with his wife Abigail and their two children, Nancy and Betsy.

At the news that the British had marched on the little towns of Lexington and Concord, he sped away to the town. As soon as the first companies were formed in Virginia he was elected Captain.

All seemed to think that he should lead them; there was not a word against it. So, up to Cambridge marched Captain Daniel Morgan in brown fur trimmed rifle shirt doubled caped, and his raccoon cap upon his head.

Behind him came his men in brown holland shirts, and some in buckskin, with the words "LIBERTY OR DEATH" written on small crescents in their hats.

When they arrived in Cambridge a great crowd of patriots gathered around them and began to laugh and poke fun at their fringed clothes.

However Daniel Morgan's men took it all as a joke and merely laughed as heartily as any.

While they were there, surrounded by the farmer patriots, the crowd was parted and the Commander-in-Chief's horse, prancing and proudly stepping high, came into their midst.

"Whence came you?" asked General Washington.

It was then that Daniel Morgan turned and saw his old friend.

From the right bank of the Potomac!" he cried. George Washington slipped from his horse to welcome the friend he had not seen since the days of the French and Indian war.

Tears were in the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief when he shook hands with the riflemen from Virginia and welcomed them to the camp.

Morgan and his men were not long in Cambridge before they joined Benedict Arnold and marched away through the wilderness of Maine to storm Quebec.

Arnold's troops were New England musketeers and Captain Daniel Morgan's men from Virginia and Pennsylvania.

In the middle of September they set out from Newburyport and sailed in transports into the wilderness of Maine where no one but Indians ever had set foot.

Up the rivers of that wild, densely wooded land they rowed their bateaux or barges. Sometimes they came to falls and had to have the oxen carry their bateaux over land on wheels. Sometimes it rained and as it was autumn the rain was cold and chilled them through and through. Then as the days went by the rain began to change to snow, and ice formed in the rivers.

But they went on, for Arnold repeated what Washington had said, "While Quebec is free Canada is unconquered!"

Through all of this journey the wives of two soldiers shared every hardship.

At last the army of New Englanders and Virginians and Pennsylvanians came to Lake Megantic. They camped on the shore, while Arnold with fifty-five men went down the river to get supplies, for one of his men had turned around with his small brigade and taking the supplies had marched back to Cambridge.

As soon as Arnold returned they went on again.

When they were outside of Quebec, Arnold was joined by Montgomery who had come up from Montreal with warm clothing for Arnold's men who were thinly clad.

Quebec did not fall, although Montgomery died in trying to storm the stronghold, Benedict Arnold was badly wounded and Daniel Morgan of whom he had become quite fond, was forced to surrender with the four hundred of his riflemen who were left. One hundred had been killed in battle.

After a time Daniel Morgan and his men were exchanged and joined Washington's army again.

It was on the thirteenth day of September, 1777, that Burgoyne, that gallant English leader, with his army crossed the Hudson River on a bridge of boats,

and camped on the hills near Saratoga where Schuylerville now stands.

By the time the British army began to advance the Americans had grown very strong, for every settler in New York was ready to fight for his home, to protect it from the savages and the blue eyed Indians as the Tories were called who came in such company.

On the morning of September nineteenth the English army began to move forward in three columns.

Gates who had charge of the American army stayed quietly behind his intrenchments or earthen walls which Kosciusko, the Polish engineer, had planned for him, and waited for the English army to come up.

In the branches of the tall trees around Bemis Heights where Gates held eleven thousand men behind the earthen walls of his fort, bright eyed scouts saw the flash of Burgoyne's rifles.

Over in the woods brave Benedict Arnold waited with his friend Captain Morgan who had been sent up with Arnold by Washington, although the Commander-in-Chief could not really spare them.

On came the British and at last Benedict Arnold saw that Gates intended to remain safely in his headquarters on Bemis Heights. Several times he sent to ask Gates for the order to charge the British and at last, while he was impatiently spurring on his horse and then drawing him back again, the order came.

Arnold's eyes snapped with eagerness and under his dark skin the red of excitement came into his cheeks as he called to Morgan to follow him.

There was a mellow sound from the conch horn with which Morgan called his army, and out from the shade of the trees golden with their fall colors, Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan with his riflemen rushed upon the field.

On, on, they went, and on, on, on went their colors, the yellow flag of the Eleventh Virginia Riflemen.

Into the very thick of the fray dashed Morgan's men to attack the Tories and Indians who were swarming up the hills in front of Burgoyne.

On went the riflemen until they went too far and became scattered and some Tories who had just come up drove them back.

For a moment black despair came down upon Morgan like a cloud, for he thought his beloved riflecorps was gone. But a moment later he sounded his conch horn and around him gathered his men.

With the Massachusetts and New Hampshire troops they dashed on the enemy again and then after a sharp fight both lines withdrew. Morgan had had his horse shot from under him and the Americans had lost twenty men.

Still the battle raged on. Benedict Arnold made a great effort to drive the British back but it was of no use, for fresh British troops came up and, al-

though he sent to Gates begging for men, none were sent to him. In spite of that he was pushing the enemy back when the Hessians came up and saved the British army from utter ruin.

After a short lull in the battle the British, with bayonets ready, began to march over the rolling hills toward the American intrenchments. On they came, until from their fort the Americans sprang upon them, driving them far back.

The armies surged backward and forward on the field, first one side winning and then the other, until again the Hessians came up and saved the English from defeat.

Even then the battle was not over. For days they fought. Arnold, who begged Gates to let him go into the battle, finally could stand it no longer and down the field he dashed on his black charger. As he went the Americans cheered and cheered and followed after. Terror stalked among the Hessians as he advanced and they fled in a panic. But one more volley they gave as they fled.

A bullet killed Arnold's horse and wounded the same leg that was hurt on the field before Quebec. However when one of his own men rushed forward to bayonet the wounded Hessian who had shot at him, Arnold would not let the man be harmed.

"He's a good fellow," he said, and so saved his enemy's life.

Back a mile fell the British and the Americans took possession of their breastworks. As they retreated the British army burned the beautiful home and barns of General Schuyler and laid waste to his farm.

Morgan's riflemen were still in the field as they had been ever since the battle had begun. From the very first their yellow banner had swept back and forward over the plain, and they were not through yet.

The British army had camped a short way from the river but they were unable to get any water, for every time one of the soldiers tried to cross the field between the camp and the river, one of Morgan's men picked him off. Until at last from the lack of water in the camp Burgoyne's army was in sore need. Then a brave woman, a wife of one of the soldiers, offered to go to the river herself.

She bravely set out, reached the river and came back in safety, for the American troops would not fire on a woman.

But there was no safety for the men around the British camp, for Daniel Morgan's men with their long rifles were watching. At last, because fresh forces did not come to help Burgoyne, he was forced to surrender.

It was eleven o'clock on the seventeenth of October when the British laid down their arms. General

Gates, although he never came out of his headquarters, took all the credit of having won the victory at Saratoga.

Selfish and seeking honor for himself, he made no mention of Benedict Arnold's bravery that day. He did not say that Arnold had kept the British army from reaching Albany and joining Howe, and he did not tell Congress that it was Morgan's riflemen who had helped save the day for the patriots. This injustice hurt Benedict Arnold and made him very angry. At last after grieving over his wrongs he turned traitor to the country he loved and which he had fought so bravely to save.

Daniel Morgan, who had been as hurt as Arnold, was able to rise above that hurt and to the end of the war was ready at the first call of the bugle to do his part in the struggle of the United States for freedom.

*That same summer, 1777, on the fourteenth of June, the same day the "Stars and Stripes" were adopted by Congress, John Paul Jones was given command of the "Ranger."*

*Ever since Congress had decided to have a navy, in 1775, John Paul Jones had been working, heart and soul, for the liberties of America—*

## THE FLAG OF JOHN PAUL JONES

On a cold day in the middle of winter while Washington and his new army were camped around Boston, eight ships, bristling with guns, rode idly at anchor in the Delaware River.

The decks were painted a bright yellow while the sterns were yellow and black. On one of the black and yellow sterns a great brown rattlesnake was painted, writhing and turning and twisting, for the rattlesnake was the symbol or emblem of the new American navy. On the front of the ships great figureheads carved from huge chunks of wood, stood far out over the water as if to guide them. On one, the figure of a Continental Minute Man led the way. Upon his head was perched a cocked hat all trimmed and decked with yellow lace. His coat was blue and had yellow buttonholes. His breeches were yellow, and his stockings had been painted white.

Upon another was a brown Indian who was painted up in yellow, red and white. In his hands he carried a bow and some arrows. Each ship had her own figure far out up on the prow.

Above, against the cold gray winter sky, the sails stood out clearly, square ones and lateen, which were

sails in right-angled triangles, and over them long streamers waved gaily.

The decks had been scrubbed with sand until they were as clean as a new piece of wood and the ships' bells shone and sparkled, so much they had been polished.

At nine o'clock in the morning, a large barge drew up at the foot of Walnut Street, in Philadelphia, and down the water-steps came Ezek Hopkins. He had just been chosen from all the seamen of the colonies to be the Commander-in-Chief of the new navy which Congress had ordered to be built.

As he stepped into his barge and was swiftly rowed out into the river the guns from every armoured ship roared out a great salute. The bells in the churches pealed their musical sound, and people who stood on the wharf and roofs of the houses along the river front cheered and cheered.

Between the cakes of ice with which the river was filled, the sixteen stout seamen rowed the barge of Commodore Ezek Hopkins. It was but a short time until they reached the *Alfred* which the new Commander-in-Chief had chosen for his flag ship. Swiftly Ezek Hopkins and his staff mounted the side of the ship and stepped on board.

On the deck stood John Paul Jones. He had been made a first lieutenant on the same day that his commander had been made Commander-in-Chief of

the navy and Dudley Saltonstall had been made a captain of the *Alfred*.

Stiff and awed the sailor "Boys," some young enough to be at home in school and some with flowing whiskers, stood at attention as Captain Saltonstall gave the signal and Lieutenant Jones pulled a new flag to the masthead. It was a bundle of yellow silk and tied so that, as it was carried up, it opened little by little, and as it reached the topmost peak of the ship burst out in all its glory. Then it was seen to bear a great rattlesnake, coiled, and ready to strike. It was almost the same as the flag of the Culpepper Minute Men without the words, "Culpepper Minute Men" across its top. The same words of warning stood out boldly in flaming red,

"Don't Tread on Me"

A cheer went up, the guns roared and the "Boys" and officers saluted the banner which had been sent to Congress for the new navy by the great patriot Christopher Gadsen.

Very proud and happy was John Paul Jones that day that his hand had been the first to hoist a naval ensign over the new ships of the tiny navy. He was eager to sail away with the squadron and get into action, but it was almost two months before the fleet could get out of the Delaware River, which was so full of ice that they had to wait until it broke up.

The Flag
of John Paul Jones –
1778

On the seventeenth day of February in the year 1776, the flagship *Alfred* and a small squadron sailed out of Delaware Bay into the Atlantic Ocean. At her stern waved the flag of Washington's first army, the Grand Union Flag, and from the masthead the Commodore's flag of yellow silk fluttered saucily. On the jackstaff at the bow waved a small jack, the striped rattlesnake flag of the militia.

In a long tube in his cabin Commodore Hopkins had his orders from Congress. He was bound for the Bahama Islands where on the island of New Providence, in the fort of Nassau, the British had a great store of powder and ammunition ready to be sent to Boston.

Washington needed that powder and Congress had sent its navy out to get it.

Southward, then, they steered their course and soon, by good winds, were near the island of New Providence; but as the whole squadron of little ships appeared off the coast, the people of the town and fort became alarmed, and the marines did not dare to land, as they had planned, and march across the sand.

But John Paul Jones had always been a sailor lad. He had sailed with the British ships all around these islands and he knew about the waters and the reefs under them. That was before he left the British navy and his home in Scotland and came to live with his

brother in Virginia, and before he became interested in the cause of the United Colonies of America.

As he knew about the waters, he offered to help the pilot of the ship guide the little fleet into the harbor where they could train their guns on the fort.

John Paul Jones and the pilot climbed to the very top of the foretopmast and hanging to the rigging peered down into the waters.

So clear were those southern waters that from that great height where they clung they could see fathoms down into the depths of the ocean. They guided the *Alfred,* and the rest of the squadron followed after until they reached the harbor. The marines landed, stormed the fort and carried away great stores of powder and shot, which had been meant for the Royal army. They captured one hundred cannons and the British Governor.

Then they sailed northward to give over their stores to the Americans who needed them so badly.

On the way they met several ships but on account of his precious cargo of powder, Commodore Hopkins veered off and sailed into New London.

After this cruise John Paul Jones was given the command of several different ships and sent out to capture stores for the army. He was so fortunate in doing this that on the same day on which Congress voted to have a new flag of "Stars and Stripes," he was made commander of a ship called the *Ranger.*

From that time he was called Paul Jones and only when he signed his name, J. Paul Jones, was the John ever remembered.

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, any day in the summer of 1777, a dapper little man could be seen walking quickly toward the ship yard. He was dressed in a snappy uniform of blue turned up with red facings, a high stock collar of white linen and a bunch of linen ruffles under his chin, and a scarlet waistcoat edged with lace. The buttons on his coat were great flat ones of yellow, and the buttonholes were made with threads of gold.

It was Paul Jones on his way to see about his ship the *Ranger*. Everywhere along the way he was greeted by smiles and nods as the people of the little seaport town met him. Some even came out on their doorsteps to bid good-day to him as he passed. For Paul was very popular in that town.

Every day the ladies of the town met together to sew. They buzzed and chatted over their sewing but they were not slow in their work. Their needles flew in and out as fast as they chatted. It was slow work, because they wished to do it well. The ladies of that town stitched long stripes of red and white together, and carefully fastened the white stars on the blue field. They were making something they had never made before. They were making the new flag of their country for the *Ranger*. Out of their and their

mothers' old silk gowns, which were made of many yards of goods, they found enough silk to make the flag.

Late in the summer the ladies were invited to the ship and their flag was hoisted but it was not until the very last day of October that the *Ranger* was ready to sail. Paul Jones had had trouble getting enough seamen. He had to give them a part of their wages out of his own pocket before they would sign up.

The *Ranger* was bound for France to carry the news to Benjamin Franklin and the French, that Burgoyne had surrendered. Paul Jones made up his mind to get to France with all speed and so he unfurled sail after sail until the great masts, made from the tall pine trees of New England, bent with the weight of the sails in the wind. Paul Jones was so excited and so pleased with his ship and the speed she was making that he scarcely slept at all.

His men were just as eager as he to make a quick voyage. They worked for eight hours and only had four hours of sleep but they did not complain.

On the way over the *Ranger* took two prizes, small ships, then sailed on to France. When he reached the Loire River, Paul Jones cast anchor and then hastened up to Paris. He was much disappointed to learn that another messenger had come from America in

a faster ship and had told Benjamin Franklin first, that Burgoyne had surrendered.

At once he began to repair his ship and in February, 1778, he sailed away to where the French fleet were stationed. There he hoped to get a salute for his flag, the "Stars and Stripes."

Soon afterward, the *Ranger* sailed into Quiberon Bay and sent a boat in to the Admiral of the French fleet to know if he would return the salute, gun for gun, which Paul Jones meant to give the French fleet.

The weather was very rough and it was after sunset on Saturday afternoon the fourteenth of February, when the *Ranger* was near enough to salute the French ship *La Motte Piquet*.

Then he began to fire off his guns.

ONE, TWO, THREE, they boomed until they had reached thirteen! There was a silence while Paul Jones and the "Boys" on board waited impatiently to hear the French reply.

Out upon the air of the February evening came the roar of a gun, and then another, and another, until nine guns had resounded. There were no more, for although Paul Jones had asked for a salute of gun for gun and hoped to hear thirteen fired, he was told that the French nation always gave four less to a Republic. So Paul Jones was satisfied.

He started out to bother the coast of England

as their ships had annoyed the American coast. When he arrived at Whitehaven where he had lived when he was a small child, all in that little town were asleep. He sent two boats ashore to capture the fort and set fire to the ships in the bay as the English had done all along the American coast, when they had burned the villages in several places. Although he did not set fire to the town his men found the sentinels sleeping soundly and they captured the fort and took the men prisoners. Then he sailed away.

Soon, from the fishermen near the coast of Ireland he heard that the British guard ship, the *Drake,* was coming out to look for him and he made ready for battle. Before long he saw the *Drake* all bristling with her great guns. Out from her side a boat appeared.

The officer in the boat could not tell what ship the *Ranger* was until he had come very close and boarded her. Then he found he was Paul Jones's prisoner. When the officer did not come back, the *Drake* drew near.

"What boat is that?" cried the master of the *Drake.*

"The American Continental ship *Ranger,*" called out the master from New Hampshire. "Come on, we're waiting for you!"

All at once, the two ships let go a broadside at each other, the English sailors began to fall thick and fast,

and the hull of the *Drake* was splintered and full of holes. For an hour the dreadful battle lasted. The rattlesnake ensign of the American navy was torn from its mast but was carried up again by a brave seaman, and the guns roared on.

The air was full of smoke and splinters of wood and the masts and sails on the *Drake* were shattered and fallen. Then the *Drake* hauled down the scarlet English flag and surrendered to Paul Jones who towed her into France's harbor at Brest.

Besides the ship Commodore Jones had taken, and the fright he had given the English coast towns, the *Drake* had hauled down her colors to him and Paul Jones was happy, for it was the first time an English ship had struck her colors to the "Stars and Stripes."

After that the *Ranger* was ordered home and Paul Jones remained in France, where Benjamin Franklin fitted out some ships, and Paul Jones was given command of them. His flagship which had been an old French merchant ship he named *Bon Homme Richard* or the *Richard,* in honor to Benjamin Franklin who had called his paper, "Poor Richard's Almanac."

With this little fleet he started out again; and over the *Richard* waved the flag the ladies of Portsmouth had made for him. Soon he was joined by the *Alliance,* a new ship from America.

On the twenty-third of September, 1779, the little fleet met some British men of war who were protecting one of their merchant ships.

Paul Jones ordered his fleet to fire broadsides into the smaller ships and keep them away from the *Richard,* and he would take care of the largest and fiercest, the *Serapis.*

Then began one of the most terrible battles ever fought on the sea.

The *Richard* and the *Serapis* each fired a broadside at the other. The gunners and sharpshooters of the *Richard* ran up the rigging and fired down upon the decks of the *Serapis.*

In the roar of the battle when all of the world seemed to be full of smoke, when muskets and guns and hand grenades burst upon the decks and each ship was full of holes, the commander of the *Serapis* called,

"Have you struck yet?"

The ships were fastened together and through the din of battle came the answer from Paul Jones,

"I haven't begun to fight!" And he sent another broadside into the hull of the *Serapis.*

Then the *Richard* caught fire, and all who could rushed with leather buckets to quench the flames. When the fire was out, and the battle still going on, the *Richard* began to leak badly.

The officers were almost all dead or wounded on

the *Serapis* and at last their commander surrendered and Paul Jones took possession of that ship. The wounded were cared for and the prisoners from the British ships were put to work at the pumps, but the good *Richard* was sinking fast. Up crept the water, higher and higher.

Soon, when Paul Jones decided that she could not be saved, he began to take the wounded off into the *Serapis* and then the prisoners were taken off. They were no sooner safe on board the *Serapis* than the *Richard* began to roll.

In the early morning, as dawn turned the sea to red, she dipped bows first into the deep blue waters.

The last they saw of the *Le Bonhomme Richard* was the United States' flag waving in victory as they disappeared under the waves together.

*While Burgoyne waited, watched, and prayed for General Howe to come to his aid, as had been planned, that General fitted out two hundred and twenty-eight ships with horse-boxes, stored on board food and water to last a month, and then, leaving seven thousand soldiers to guard New York, sailed out of the harbor with eighteen thousand British troops.*

*Hither and thither and yon darted the ships so that General Washington would not be able to guess where they meant to land.*

*In the meantime, General Washington and his army were camped in green meadows beside a cool stream, waiting for General Howe and his men to land somewhere.*

*At last he heard that the British ships had been seen in Chesapeake Bay. He started out with his army to meet and try to stop the British from reaching Philadelphia which he knew was what they meant to do.*

*On the twenty-fourth of August, the tattered and*

*almost shoeless patriots paraded through Philadelphia, their only claim to uniforms being the sprigs of green which they wore. As they marched down the streets the crowds watching grew wild with enthusiasm for the flag behind which they tramped was the new one, the "Stars and Stripes."*

*Smiling quietly and acknowledging the cheers of the people, the beloved Commander-in-Chief passed. By his side was the Marquis de La Fayette who had come to help fight in the cause of liberty.*

*Down toward the British, Washington led his men, for Howe had landed and was making his way toward Philadelphia, as Washington had thought he would do.*

*On Brandywine Creek, at Chadd's Ford, where the road led through the stream—for there was no bridge—the Americans, waving their new banner, tried to keep the British back; but, it was of no use. They had to retreat to Chester while Howe marched into Philadelphia.*

*A short time later, Washington led his army toward Germantown, close to the city. In a dense fog, the Americans surprised the British, routed them and captured their battery. The British took refuge in Judge Chew's mansion from where they fired on the Americans who aimed their guns on the brick house.*

*And just at the moment of victory, the Americans*

*fell into a dreadful panic which lasted only a short time, but long enough to lose the battle for them. Once again, Washington led his defeated men away.*

*One month later—*

## THE FLAG OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S GUARD

THE eighteenth of December, in the year 1777, was a day of prayer and thanksgiving. In their quarters the army of America rested, while General Washington, who was an engineer and never happier than when he was making a plan, sat drawing and laying out the plan of their winter quarters. He had decided to go into winter lodgings where he could keep the British, who were so warmly housed in Philadelphia, from making too many raids on the country around, and where he would be ready to move at the first signs of action from the enemy.

He had chosen a little village where the army could be stationed on the hills and on the slopes around them his troops could set up their cannon for defence. While in the back of them a stream protected them from the enemy.

This was the plan General Washington had made for his men, so weary from the battles and tattered and torn and hungry.

The next day the troops began to move. Over the snow and ice covered roads they tramped, stumbling as they went and leaving footprints of blood in the

snow, for almost all of the men of this army had no shoes. Their feet were done up in rags to keep them warm and to try to protect them from the sharp and jagged rocks and chunks of ice.

When they arrived at Valley Forge they were divided into little groups of twelve and set to work to build their huts. Trees from the forests covering the slopes of the hills were cut down and made into logs and then set up in little log cabins. In each battalion a prize of twelve dollars was given to the twelve who set up their hut in the best way and were finished soonest. Some made chimneys of mud and hay and sticks as the Pilgrims had done when they first arrived in America. As fast as the huts were finished, the men were sent to build breastworks and set up the cannon so that they would be well guarded through the winter.

All this time General Washington lived in a little tent on the side of a hill, for he had said to his men that he would share every hardship with them. He did not move into his own quarters until every hut had been finished and every soldier was lodged in one of the log houses.

Then he moved with his staff into an old stone house owned by Isaac Potts. Isaac Potts ran the iron forge in the ravine and from this the village had received its name, Valley Forge.

Close by were the huts of the Commander-in-

CONQUER OR DIE
Washington's
Bodyguard at
Valley Forge - 1778

Chief's guard. From his windows he could see them and could make out the figures on their flag which flew over their winter quarters. He could even see the figure of the American soldier that was pictured on the white silk banner. The figure had been painted holding a horse all caparisoned or harnessed in gay trappings. The soldier was dressed in blue with a white vest and many brass buttons. While he held the bridle of the horse in one hand he was accepting a banner, with the word "LIBERTY" written on it, from a maiden. She was dressed in the manner of the times and was supposed to be the SPIRIT OF LIBERTY. In one hand she carried a shield with thirteen stripes and a blue union. An American eagle stood close by her. All this the general of the American army could see as he looked out upon the snow clad hills. Around him were his men in the best houses he could give them, and across the little creek was the bake house.

Now, while he looked out the guard paraded. For Baron Steuben had come that winter from Germany and when he saw the ragged little army his heart was touched and he set out at once to do all that he could for the patriots. He decided to make them into a real military company and he chose the Commander-in-Chief's guard to train first. Twice a day they were called out and with his own hands he showed them how to go through a regular manual

of exercise. Sometimes, when the men did not understand the orders, he would grab a gun and go through the exercises himself, while the officers looked on in astonishment. In the English army no commissioned officer would think of training his own troops. He left that for the sergeants.

Baron Steuben was very proud of the men as they went through the different drills. He meant to separate the guard and send some of them to train the rest of the army. By the time spring came he meant to have the army all made over into a well drilled force of men.

Two weeks after Baron Steuben had begun to drill the guard he invited General Washington and his staff to review them.

General Washington was also very proud of his Guard. When the Guard had been formed on the twelfth day of March, in 1776, while the army was camped around Boston, he had been very particular in his orders about the size of the men. He said that the men who joined his Guard should not be more than five foot ten and not less than five foot eight in height. So, this troop of men were a very beautiful sight on the parade ground, for they were all of a size and so strong and well built.

Only once had any member of the Guard failed their general. That had been a short time after the Americans had entered New York to wait for the

British whom they were sure would try to take the city and so divide the colonies in two. As he thought of those days the Commander-in-Chief was very sad for he had always liked Thomas Hickey.

When the Americans entered New York and the Guard, under Captain Caleb Gibbs, took up their quarters near the house in which George Washington had his headquarters, the children had hung around to catch a glimpse of the Guard, for everyone admired this body of men who had been chosen, a few from every regiment, to guard the Commander-in-Chief. The boys liked to see them in their uniforms of blue with the buff cuffs and collars, and linings turned up on the skirts of their coats. They marveled at the many gilt buttons with which the coats were trimmed and admired the jaunty way in which they raised their cocked hats of black, edged with white tape. Even their black neckwear to match the bow on their hair was very handsome above the gilt-button-trimmed red vests. As they paraded along the streets of New York everyone noticed them and stopped to watch.

When William Collier who was a waiter at the Sergeant Arms Tavern saw one of the Guards talking to a Tory, Gilbert Forbes, he was surprised but he thought no more about it until that night.

Then a party of Tories came into the tavern as they had done several times before, and hired the

private room. Among them was Gilbert Forbes the gunsmith. When William Collier saw *him* he began to take notice of everything the Tories said or did. Soon he hid behind the door, and as he crouched there, scarcely breathing so that he might not miss a word, he heard some one of them mention Thomas Hickey, the handsome young Irish Guard who had been talking to Gilbert Forbes when William Collier first saw him.

Suddenly one of the Tories raised his voice in his excitement.

"And when the Howes arrive," he was saying, "the friends of the King will rise and blow up King's Bridge, cut the Americans off from their supplies and fire the magazines so that the English will have control of New York and can capture the whole Continental army."

"Ssssh," said one, "do you want to give us all away? Even walls have ears!" Rising he tip-toed to the door and looked into the darkened chamber where William Collier stood motionless behind the door.

"No one about," said the Tory, "but we can't be too careful. Even now, Washington knows that something is afoot, for this noon a dish of peas was served to him. Thomas Hickey had put some poison in it to do away with the Commander-in-Chief, but his housekeeper who seemed to be with us, must have

told Washington, for, although he is so fond of green peas, he motioned the dish away."

It seemed to William Collier that his heart beat so loudly that they could hear it within the other room and he himself could not hear what else was said, for the hammering it made within his breast. He thought that the Tories would never leave the tavern so that he could slip away and tell his friend, Joseph Smith, who would know what to do.

It was late when he left the tavern and he took to his heels in all speed, so that when he came to the house of Joseph Smith he was quite out of breath and could not tell his story for a moment or two.

When Joseph Smith heard it he could scarcely believe his ears but he lost no time in getting word to Washington.

Late as it was, George Washington set out with a few officers whom he could trust, and by morning forty men had been arrested and put in the jail to await their trial by the army, and the leaders were in irons. A few days later handsome Thomas Hickey was hanged, while all those who had been very friendly with him had been sent back to their own regiments. After that, no man was chosen for the Guard unless he had been born in America.

The Guard felt quite disgraced and the men were afraid that George Washington would never trust

any of them again. At first the Commander-in-Chief did not have much faith in them and went without them to Brooklyn Heights, but when he saw how bravely they fought at White Plains and how they tried to guard him all through New Jersey and Pennsylvania he trusted and honored them more than ever and everywhere he went this brave company of picked men watched over him and his baggage.

As he looked out over them on that cold day at Valley Forge he thought he had never seen a finer band of men.

That was a terrible winter at Valley Forge. Although the country was not poor and many things had been bought for the army, they never reached the camp. Along the way, hogsheads of provisions and boxes of clothes and shoes rotted for want of teams to take them to the soldiers, for Congress was very careless. The men cut up their blankets to wind the strips around their feet but even then they could not keep warm.

Young La Fayette who had come over to America to join the patriots fighting for liberty wrote to his wife and told her that his heart ached for the troops who, with frozen feet and hands, still were cheerful and ready to follow Washington and fight with all their might for freedom.

All this time the Congress was meeting with only a few men in attendance and those few were finding

fault with the Commander-in-Chief, his generals and his army. Those men who were living in warm and cozy houses, who had people to care for them when they were ill and who had real shoes on their feet and did not have to tramp over jagged points of ice and rock in their bare feet to get wood to keep them warm, thought that the Continental army should be marching into Philadelphia and taking it from the English.

But Washington felt that he was doing the best he could, and although he knew that he had many enemies who were trying to get him out of office and injure him in the eyes of the world, he went calmly on his way. However he *did* write to tell Congress that it was very easy to stay in a warm house and issue orders, and tell others what to do.

One day, before they left Valley Forge, when Isaac Potts was walking in the woods he heard a low voice, and, parting the bushes, he stepped into a clearing. There stood the Commander-in-Chief's horse, tied to a sapling, but General Washington was upon his knees praying.

Quickly Isaac Potts slipped back and walked quietly away. He had seen the Commander-in-Chief when he thought no one was around, and he had heard him pleading with God to help him and these poor patriots who were suffering in Valley Forge.

Things were very dark and gloomy but no one but

God knew how discouraged and heartsick General Washington felt. He had a cheerful word for all he met. However, lines of care and worry showed in his face and his firm jaw grew sterner as the winter advanced. Day after day he visited the sick and spent his time trying to help his army and doing all he could for them until, in the spring, he left the winter quarters and with the faithful Guard and the army of patriots went out to meet the British.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*In the Battle of Brandywine were many friends of liberty who had come across the Atlantic to help the little nation of patriots.*

*Besides La Fayette, there were, Du Plessis, De Borre, De Fleury and other brave Frenchmen.*

*During the battle La Fayette was wounded and taken, to be cared for, to the little Moravian village of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.*

*That day, side by side with the Frenchmen, fought a young Polander, Casimir Pulaski—*

## PULASKI'S BANNER

About fifty miles north of Philadelphia on the Lehigh River, the tiny town of Bethlehem lay bathed in the golden light of autumn.

The musical sound of the bells in the top of the stone house rang out sweetly and the clear voices of the choir chanted softly. For it was a holy day and although the carts never seemed to stop coming in laden with the wounded patriots from the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the United Brethren who had formed the little town still held their services of praise.

On the lawn of the stone house the wounded and sick and dying lay on their blankets. The little settlement was full to overflowing.

Gone was the sound of the busy spinning wheel for the single Sisters or maidens of the little religious settlement now gave up every spare moment to the care of the wounded and dying patriots. No longer the maidens plied their needles on some delicate piece of embroidery. There was no time.

Each day long streams of carts carrying the wounded filed their way over the dusty roads that led from Brandywine and Germantown.

Although he felt a touch of sadness to think of the wounded, crowded into the close quarters of Bethlehem, the scene to Casimir Pulaski was one of peace. The sound of the bells on the early morning air reminded him of his old home in Lithuania, in Poland, where he had fought for, and lost, the cause of freedom. As he sat astride his chestnut steed thoughts of the past came rushing upon him.

He could see again, the day when he, with a few faithful followers, had sought to overthrow the King of Poland. The church bells had been ringing then. They had rung out the day he had led his army against Catharine of Russia, when all of his company of patriots had been forced to leave him not far from the walls of Warsaw to make good their own escape. Then he had gone to France where he had met Benjamin Franklin and straightway had come to America to help the American patriots in their great struggle.

In one of the tiny log huts his friend Marquis de La Fayette lay wounded. And as he looked down upon the peaceful village he thought of the many patriots from France and Poland who were giving up their lives for this great cause of American freedom.

This little country struggling against a great and powerful Mother country for its liberty had touched the hearts of many outside of its own land. Now, in

one of these huts, recovering from a wound, was the Marquis de La Fayette. Count Casimir Pulaski shook off the old memories and spurred his horse on. Entering the village street he enquired the way to the log house where the good people of Bethlehm cared for his friend.

The meeting between Pulaski and La Fayette proved to be a happy one, for La Fayette's wound had healed and he was almost well.

Casimir Pulaski was much interested in the good people. He thought their plan of life which was to live to do good was a beautiful one.

He wandered around the little village, taking a peep into the mill where linseed oil was pressed out of flax, and watched the Brothers at their work in the iron factory.

He climbed the turret stairs to the belfry to look at the bells, and he examined the fine and beautiful pieces of needle work which had been embroidered by the nimble fingers of the single Sisters. Even he, a man, could not help but wonder at the work they had done.

Many guests came to the little Moravian settlement. Colonel Edward Hand, and General Greene's wife whose two daughters were at school in the Moravian Seminary, had visited the little town and found it a sweet place to stay.

When Casimir Pulaski left the people of the town

Fall of Paris.
Leading his Legion at Sevastopol

he went with their best wishes for his safety, for all had liked his smiling cheerful ways.

It was April when he again came to Bethlehem. The choir was singing and the bells calling musically, for it was Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday. Colonel Kobatsch who was with him was forming a legion of patriots and came to ask the Moravians to make the gloves, saddles, and other supplies for the company.

Owing to the fact that the stone house and many of the houses around were full of sick soldiers the Moravian Brothers and Sisters could do nothing to help him.

Later, in May, Pulaski came again to Bethlehem. He was at the head of his own company of cavalry. For some time the sound of the galloping hoofs of his legion were to be heard at any hour of the day. Many times he and his men protected the little town and the people grew to love him dearly.

So, in the late days of May, when all of the work was done for the day, in their house, separate from the home of the married people and the single Brothers, the plain-dressed single Sisters stitched upon vivid pieces of red silk. On one square they were embroidering in heavy silk an eye of brown and around the "all seeing" eye bright rays of yellow silk spread out in a star shaped shield. Surrounding the eye were thirteen six-pointed stars in bright yel-

low. In letters of yellow also, but shaded in green were the words "NON ALIUS REGIT" which means "No other governs."

The other square was equally as beautiful and the work on it was a marvel to behold. "U.S." was embroidered in a wonderful pattern in very large yellow letters, while around about "U.S." was the motto, "UNITA VIRTUS FORCIOR" (Union makes valor stronger) which is only a different way of saying "UNITE OR DIE." On the edge of each piece of silk a yellow border was worked with a sun in each corner.

Many stitches of hope and love and respect were put into the banner by the Sisters of that little settlement.

When it was done, both pieces sewn together back to back, and a metal fringe of silver added to it, the banner was a splendid thing of beauty and workmanship.

As it was to be carried by a cavalry troop it could not be large and so when it was finished it was only about twenty inches square.

Then the day came when Casimir Pulaski had to leave the little town of Bethlehem and join the southern troops.

Sixty-eight horses and riders came cantering up the road of Bethlehem to the lawn where the new banner was presented to Pulaski. High on a lance

he placed it with many graceful words of thanks for all their loving work upon it.

Then with a word of farewell, a last glimpse of the peaceful valley, and the last sound of the musical bells in his ears, he galloped down the road followed by the thundering hoofs of the horses.

While Casimir Pulaski with his legion were galloping toward South Carolina, the British had landed in Georgia and taken possession of the city of Savannah. From there they marched on the surrounding country. They robbed the houses of the rich planters and carried away cartloads of silver, broke the mirrors and slashed the fine old oil paintings; they burned the cabins of the slaves, and killed or carried away the cattle, horses, and live stock, even the dogs.

But early in September, 1779, D'Estaing arrived suddenly in the Savannah River with a great French fleet. Coming across the land was Lincoln and his American Continental troops. Not far behind, Casimir Pulaski's crimson banner swiftly galloped southward, and after him clattered the hoofs of his legion.

Then the heavy field guns were brought up and trained on the city of Savannah and the French and Americans began to bombard the city.

From the fourth to the ninth of September, the air was full of sulphur and shot and cannonballs.

Houses in the town were shattered and the women and children had to creep into the cellars for safety.

While night and day the Americans threw up their breastworks and brought up their cannon. Slowly but surely the Americans drew closer to Savannah.

Then tales of a storm were spread through the French camps and the commander of the French fleet began to be worried about his ships.

A council was held and it was decided to attack the British stronghold at once.

In a dense fog the Americans and French bore down upon the city and after a dreadful battle when whole companies were mowed down and lay dead or dying on the field, they leaped across the ditch of the Spring Hill redoubts.

Up sprang two American lieutenants, Hume and Bush, and planted their colors, the flag of Fort Moultrie, upon the earthworks. Beside it, one of D'Estaing's aides raised the white flag of France with its golden fleur des lis.

These three brave young men soon fell and the banners wavered on the wall when Lieutenant Gray of South Carolina grasped the standards and held them steady, until he, too, was shot down.

Then up jumped brave Sergeant Jasper who had saved the crescent flag at Fort Moultrie. He seized the colors and waved them aloft. The call for retreat came a moment later and as Sergeant Jasper

was about to leave the wall he was stricken by a British bullet and fell into the ditch. Wounded and dying as he was he still grasped the colors and dragging himself out of the ditch he saved them from the British. His comrades carried him to the American camp where he died soon after.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I died trying to save her colors," he said a few moments before he passed away.

All this time General Huger and Casimir Pulaski had been trying to force their way into the town on still another side. Huger had waded through the rice fields and finally reached the British works when he was met by a volley of musketry. Pulaski was trying to pass a great wall of felled trees whose branches had been pointed and spread far out in great spears.

Carrying his banner high in the air, he passed the abatis (or wall of trees), and close beside him galloped his brave men upon their gallant steeds.

"Victory! Victory!" they cried as they swept into the city.

But Count Pulaski with his crimson banner was a good target for every English gun. There was a whistling whirr and a small cannon ball struck him in his thigh.

The crimson flag wavered and fell with the brave leader. His lieutenant who was also wounded severely, for he had fourteen bullet wounds, grabbed up the colors and bore them on.

Casimir Pulaski was carried to the United States brig, *Wasp,* and there the brave patriot died.

The years have passed, and the crimson silk of the banner which has been so carefully preserved in the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore, has lost its beautiful color but the thought of Casimir Pulaski's great sacrifice for us remains ever fresh in our memory.

*Although Cornwallis and Tarleton overran the Carolinas after the battle at Savannah, they did not hold the country in peace and quiet; for, every now and then the patriots, who had been driven from their homes and now lived in the mountains and in Georgia, made sudden raids upon the British, and after sharp fighting disappeared into the swamps or into the mountains.*

*Soon General Greene of Rhode Island was made by Washington commander of the southern forces instead of General Gates who had been removed by Congress after his terrible defeat at Camden.*

*General Greene divided his army into two parts and gradually drew Cornwallis and Tarleton away from their supplies at Charleston and Savannah; but, in the many battles which took place the Americans were defeated. As General Greene wrote, "We fight, get beaten, rise and fight again."*

*All this time, Cornwallis marched victoriously inland, until one of his officers, Ferguson, thinking he was in a safe place, camped with his army. The backwoods patriots fell upon him and in the battle of King's Mountain defeated him. Ferguson was killed,*

*with four hundred of his men while the others—seven hundred of them—were taken prisoners.*

*Cornwallis was getting ready to march into North Carolina when he heard that Morgan, in his rear, might cut him off from his supplies.*

*He sent Tarleton to either capture or disperse the Americans—*

## THE EUTAW FLAG

JANE ELLIOTT sat at her harpsichord playing *The Lass with the Delicate Air*. Now and then she broke into a little song but her mind was not on her music and finally she left the chair in front of the instrument. Parting the heavy red silk drapes, she gazed out over the bleak landscape. It seemed to her that Charleston had never been so cold nor her home on Sandy Hill as lonely.

A darky boy in a faded smock brought in a log and threw it on the fire.

"What time is it, Ezra?" she asked the boy.

"I dunno what time it does be, Miss," said Ezra as he swept up the hearth and blowing the bellows vigorously sent the sparks flying up the chimney. Then grinning he backed out of the room.

For a while Jane Elliott watched the fire and then suddenly she lifted her head and listened.

From far down the road she heard the sound of a horse. Nearer and nearer it came.

The pink grew deeper in her cheeks as she hastened to smooth her hair and pull out the ruffles of her lutestring dress.

It was not a new dress but it had been cherished

very tenderly. Each time she took it off she hung it carefully in the great wardrobe where bags of musk and lemon verbena hung in the corners and it was not very often that she took it out to wear it. But today was a special day. Since early in the afternoon she had expected her fiancé, and now it was well after four o'clock.

Suppose the horse would gallop right past their gate! She held her breath again and listened.

The rider was down by the mimosa bush. Now he was turning in the gate and with a face of beaming radiance she threw open the great door before his hand could reach the knocker.

"William," she cried, "I knew you would come today!"

"I could scarcely wait to get here," said the plump young man in the dress of the Continental cavalry.

"And you are going to stay to dinner," she made the statement.

"Nay," he made answer. "I must tear myself away. For within the hour I must leave to join Morgan."

"What! So soon!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered. "Even now I should be on my way."

"I shall wait to hear of your flag," she said.

"Flag? I have none," replied William Washington.

"Then you shall have one! I shall make it for you myself. What shall it be like?" asked Jane as she tried to think what sort of a device she would paint on the banner.

"I'll get the flag the next time I come. Now I must be off," said the young man as he took up his hat and riding gloves from the chair where he had thrown them.

"Oh, but you mustn't go before I make you a flag," she cried.

Then taking up her scissors with a determined air, she grasped the end of one of the scarlet draperies that hung at the long window.

"Jane," cried William in astonishment. "Oh, Jane!"

"Why," said Jane as she cut clean across the figured silk, "what better fate could this curtain hope for than to be flag to guide our men to victory!"

"Oh, but your curtain! What will your father say?" asked William who could not overcome his horror at seeing the beautiful curtain spoiled.

"Say no more, sir," laughed Jane. "Let this be your flag. May it guide you and protect you until you come back to me."

Together they fastened the scarlet silk to a hickory pole.

"I know I shall hear splendid things about our banner," said Jane as William put on his long coat,

three caped, and taking up his gloves and hat again began to say farewell.

"I shall make you proud that you gave it to me. Even the brutal Tarleton shall fear the sight of it before long. That I promise you!" he said.

As a darky brought his horse to the pillared porch, he picked up the banner and after a fond farewell to Jane rode down the avenue with it fluttering above his head.

Time was, when Colonel William Washington hoped to be a minister. In his home in Stafford County, Virginia, his father, Baily Washington, a relative of General George Washington's father, had many acres of fertile land. There the tobacco leaves grew large and the watermelons ripened quickly on the vines. In the evenings the darkies in their cabins crooned a lullaby and the nightingale sang his sweetest song.

But times began to change in the happy colonies. There were signs of war on the horizon and William, who was still in his "teens" when the Stamp Act aroused the colonies, gave up his idea of the ministry to fight for his country.

The news of the battle of Lexington stirred him greatly and as soon as he could he enlisted in the Virginia volunteers.

Then he left his home and joined the army as a captain under General Hugh Mercer. He was in the

Brett

line when the British soldiers won the battle of Long Island and in the army that had crossed the ice-filled Delaware and marched on Trenton.

Side by side James Monroe, who was to become President of the United States, and William Washington trained the guns of the little ragged army on the Hessian barracks.

A few minor wounds they both received but when the army marched on to Princeton William Washington and James Monroe were ready to do their part again.

When the troops, alarmed and dismayed at the sight of their fallen leader, Hugh Mercer, began to fall back at Princeton, William Washington's was one of the voices that cheered them forward and helped them to keep their courage.

All this time he had been noticed by General Washington and he was finally given the command of a troop of horse.

In many different battles, as the army moved southward, his tall broad shouldered frame could be seen in the front ranks fighting with all his might for the cause he loved.

Then he had joined the army under General Benjamin Lincoln and had gone to South Carolina. And there he had met Jane Elliott.

That evening as he joined Daniel Morgan he was proud of his scarlet banner and still prouder to think

she had given it to him. He made up his mind that she should hear great things of it.

In his ardor he clapped spurs to his horse and with a cheer his men thundered up the road behind him.

In their log cabins the darkies heard the sound and rushed to their crazy hung doors to gaze out over the fields in time to see the cavalry dash by like a streak, the scarlet banner straight and stiff out from its staff, so swiftly they rode.

With Morgan they crossed the Catawba River and as they went they gathered companies of militia into their army. Through the green lands where the cattle were lowing and grazing, Morgan led his army until, on the sixteenth of January, he came to Hannah's Cowpens.

Hannah's Cowpens was the name of a great grazing ground where the cattle were sent to be branded. A man by the name of Hannah had received the land as a gift from the government.

When Morgan and William Washington arrived at the Cowpens, cruel terrible Tarleton was close behind. All through the states, wherever Tarleton had been, rank ruin reigned, and the militia from all the county around came into the Cowpens to join Morgan's men to fight him.

The Indian fighter had let the news slip out to Tarleton that he was waiting for the British army.

Tarleton decided to surprise them, but when he came up Morgan had his men ready in arms, waiting.

In front of a hill he had his militia drawn up in line, and on top of the hill he had placed the Continental line. On a bank of the river where they could not be seen by the British was William Washington with his cavalry.

From company to company Morgan rode. He cheered the militia and told them to fire two volleys before they retired, for he knew these men who were raw recruits from the countryside would be frightened and run.

Then he spoke to the Continentals.

"Do not copy the militia when they fall back," he said. "That is a part of the plan. And do not fire until you get the order."

To William Washington he said the same thing, not to come forward until the order was given, but to be ready.

Up came the British, tired and muddy from an all night march, and as the sun rose Tarleton charged furiously. The militia for once was not frightened; they stayed to fire more than twice. Several volleys came from them before they fell back in good order, around the left side. The Continentals were ordered to draw back a little.

Then Tarleton, thinking the Americans were retreating, rushed forward with a loud shout.

"Victory! Victory!" cried the British cavalry.

At that moment William Washington with his cavalry dashed around the hill and broke the British right wing. Then he hastened to the rear.

"They are coming in like a mob!" he cried to a messenger. "Tell Morgan to give them a volley and I will charge them!"

Suddenly the Continentals faced about again and charged the enemy with their bayonets, and William Washington's men with brandishing swords and crimson damask banner flying, dashed in again.

On the field of battle William Washington met Bannastre Tarleton and fought him face to face until the British commander was wounded.

All about them the enemy were asking for "Quarter! Quarter!" They threw away their arms and the cannon and horses fell into the hands of the Americans who had only lost twelve men killed and sixty wounded.

From that day the scarlet flag was called Tarleton's Terror.

Jane Elliott, when she heard the news, was very proud indeed of William and the flag she had given him and Congress voted the brave Colonel a silver medal.

Twice more the flag led the cavalry to victory, at Hobkirk's Hill and at the battle of Eutaw Springs

where the British were completely routed from South Carolina.

After that the banner was called the Eutaw flag.

In the battle at Eutaw Springs his horse was shot from under courageous Colonel Washington, and he was taken prisoner. When he was released he came back and married Jane.

The banner he loved was given to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston by Jane when she was an old, old lady.

"It has never known dishonor," she said. "And it will never be tarnished in your hands." So she left it in their keeping and to this day they cherish it, and always will.

*As soon as the news reached Cornwallis of the defeat of Tarleton at Cowpens, he threw away his baggage and marched as fast as he could toward his supplies, hastening ever more rapidly as General Greene closed in upon him.*

*At Guilford Court House, near the Cape Fear River, two hundred miles from his base, Cornwallis was obliged to fight. When night fell the British held the field but had to retreat to Wilmington, which was the nearest point where they might look for aid from the British fleet.*

*Then General Greene, whose armies were now united, turned south and fought the battles of Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw Springs, from which the British retired so that they would not be surrounded.*

*In Virginia, Cornwallis went forward to join the traitor Benedict Arnold who was in command of a force of British soldiers; but La Fayette, who had been sent down by Washington, and Baron Steuben, who had been raising a small army, pushed Cornwallis out on the peninsula between the York and James River.*

*Then Washington heard that the French fleet*

*would come to help him. He told them to go to the Chesapeake. Before the British could guess where he was going he was half way to Virginia with an army of six thousand men. When he reached Virginia the French fleet were in Chesapeake Bay and La Fayette and Steuben and Anthony Wayne were holding Cornwallis penned up at Yorktown.*

*At once they began to fire against Cornwallis's fortifications.*

*Such a great force of men closed in on him that on the nineteenth of October, 1781, when the little town had been laid in ruins by the American guns, Cornwallis surrendered.*

*So the War for Independence, the War of the Revolution, came to an end.*

*Two years later, 1783, England signed the Treaty of Paris and acknowledged the United States to be Free and Independent.*

* * *

*Then began the building up of the nation. At first every state made its own laws, separate from the other states; but, after a short time, it was seen by the leaders that to be strong the states must be under a common government.*

*Delegates from all states met together and agreed upon the Constitution. The states were slow in accepting it, however; but, by 1789 every state had de-*

*cided to agree to it. By the laws of the Constitution a president had to be elected.*

*There was no doubt in any one's mind who should be president. George Washington was their unanimous choice.*

*On the thirtieth of April, 1789, in the city of New York, George Washington without whose wise generalship the War for Independence could never have been won and whom we rightly call the Father of Our Country, was inaugurated.*

*A few years passed in peace, and then France's new government demanded that the United States pay the officers of France a certain sum every year or the French privateers would seize the American ships wherever they found them.*

*The United States refused and when some of her ships were captured, she decided to go to war. The Americans began to build new ships and even called George Washington, who had retired from office and gone to his home at Mount Vernon, to take the leadership of the army they meant to raise; but Napoleon came into office and the United States and France once more were good friends.*

*The Barbary pirates had always exacted a tribute from every nation for allowing their merchant ships to sail the seas without being overhauled. For some time the young nation paid the sum but when the Bey of Tunis asked for a great many guns and stands*

*of arms, they refused to pay any longer. Then the Barbary pirates of Algiers, Morocco, Tripoli, and Tunis declared war upon the United States; but, it did not take the little navy very long to teach the pirates that they could not meddle with our ships. Peace ruled once more in the United States.*

*Ever since the Revolution England had looked upon the Americans with contempt. She did not even respect their ships but stopped them whenever she wished and took from them any sailors who had deserted from the British navy. The English grew bolder and bolder until they thought nothing of stopping American ships on the high seas and taking the best seamen, whether they were American citizens or not.*

*At last matters grew so bad that our ships were no longer free to sail the seas; and then that young nation, the United States of America, declared war upon Great Britain, June eighteenth, 1812.*

*Immediately Congress sent a message to its ships, among which was the "Constitution"—*

*Old Ironsides* they called her. And iron sides she surely had. Against her hard planks the cannonballs hit and seemed to bound away leaving scarcely a dent to show where they had struck.

*Old Ironsides,* they lovingly called her but she had been christened the *Constitution* and across her stern underneath a row of stars her name stood out in pure white letters.

When her plans were made by Mr. Joshua Humphreys in 1794 by order of Congress, while George Washington was President, messengers had been sent to Carolina for the hardest pine, and live oak and red cedar.

When her keel was laid in Edward Hartt's yard, in Boston—Hartt's Naval Yard it was called,—the copper bolts and spikes for her hull were already being forged in Paul Revere's foundry by a process of which only he knew the secret.

Paul Revere had written to the Secretary of War and said that he could make the copper braces, bolts, and other parts "as cheap as anyone." And so he made them. At the same time Edward Thayer was

making the gun carriages and Isaac Harris was helping in the mastyard.

At Hanover the anchors were cast and in the old Granary Building on Tremont Street, Boston, the sails were made. But her guns came from England and bore the stamp G.R., meaning George, Rex, or George the King.

Several times the people had gathered at the ship yard to see the new frigate take the water but after moving a little way she had stopped. Even though the President and all the great men of the states had been invited to see her, and songs had been written, and pieces for the newspapers made ready, she did not move. Her ways were not steep enough.

Then on the twenty-first of October, 1797, the *Constitution* was launched.

Steadily with stately majesty she moved down into the water. Upon her prow was the carved figure-head made by the Shilling brothers, all picked out in gold, and at her stern floated the "Stars and Stripes."

The flag was made by Betsy Ross in her little shop on Arch Street, Philadelphia, but it was not the flag of 1777, for now across the banner of our nation were fifteen stripes, and fifteen stars were in the field of blue.

Two states had been added to the Union since the flag which had floated so proudly in the War of In-

dependence had become the flag of Peace. Vermont and then Kentucky had joined and in 1794 Congress had resolved that from that time the flag should be one of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

When war was declared with England in 1812, the *Constitution* was laid up in Chesapeake Bay.

Her repairs were quickly finished and with a new crew of strong willing men under the same commander, Captain Hull, she sailed out of the Chesapeake and, turning northward, made her way along the coast.

Captain Isaac Hull loved the *Constitution*. From the time, a year after the ship was launched, and he had been made fourth lieutenant, he had climbed in rank until in 1806 he was given command of the *Constitution*.

As he sailed up along the coast he was proud of the way she rode the waves and proud to be her captain.

On the seventeenth of July, the lookout sighted four sails upon the horizon, and later another was seen. Captain Hull decided that they were the American fleet he was to meet.

On toward the strange ships the *Constitution* sailed, but Captain Hull could not see their signals, for they were still too far away when night fell. Then he ordered the lanthorns to be hung in the secret way the Americans had decided upon. Al-

The Flag of 1812 ~
The Star Spangled Banner

though they hung for an hour he received no answer from the squadron. Then he knew he was surrounded by the enemy.

A calm had fallen and a mist covered them all. When it cleared in the morning Captain Hull found that he had two frigates on one side and a warship, two frigates and a brig and a schooner to the rear.

There was no use to try to fight them all, and besides they were out of gunshot. The only thing to do was to escape from them.

Calm had settled on the sea, and scarcely a breeze was stirring. The sails flapped idly above and the *Constitution* floated like a graceful swan upon the water, taking the swell of the sea.

Captain Hull did not intend to fight the whole squadron and so down went the boats with long ropes attached to the *Constitution* and the sturdy men began to pull at the oars. Out of the stern, where saws had made the windows larger, two twenty-four pounders were run out and trained on the enemy. Up from the gun deck was brought a great cannon and set up on her spar deck and another on her forecastle, all pointing at the ships.

For all they were worth the men pulled the sweeps and soon, swiftly over the water, the *Constitution* began to move. Faster even, they rowed, for one of the British ships had begun to fire off her cannon.

Once there came a breeze and the boats were taken up but it died away and they were let down and the sailors pulled at their oars again.

Hour after hour, the men pulled, and hour after hour the race kept on, all that day and all that night. When the sun rose in the morning the *Constitution* had crept away from her enemies. Advantage was taken of every bit of wind, and sometimes towed, and sometimes sailing, the *Constitution* was carried away from the squadron.

At seven o'clock in the morning the sky began to change. Dark clouds gathered and the *Constitution* made ready. The storm passed and still the race kept on. Now the wind was blowing hard and with all sails set the *Constitution* sailed farther and farther away. When evening came the British ships gave up the chase, dropping away over the horizon, and the *Constitution* sailed into Boston.

She did not stay there long for Captain Isaac Hull was anxious to meet the ships from which he had had to flee.

He cruised about, up and down the coast without seeing an armed ship. Then one day a vessel was sighted and on sailing closer with his American colors flying, he found it was the *Guerriere* which had for a year been taking men from the American ships.

Closer drew the two ships until they were very near. Then the *Guerriere* let out a broadside.

"Shall I open fire?"' asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet," replied Captain Hull.

As the shots began to rend the sails and sent the splinters flying from the deck, the lieutenant asked again,

"Shall I fire now?"

"Not yet," came the answer quietly.

Now the two ships were side by side. Captain Hull bent twice to the deck, and in the exertion his white breeches which were very tight, for he was very plump, split from waist to knee.

"Now, boys, pour it into them!" he cried.

The grape shot and round shot from the *Constitution* struck the *Guerriere* with terrible force.

Her mizzen mast fell, her mainmast fell, her sails, spars, and rigging were shattered and torn. Then Captain Dacres of the *Guerriere* struck her colors.

There was nothing left of his ship and it was of no use to try to tow her in to port. The prisoners were taken on board the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere* was burned and sank into the depths of the ocean.

*Old Ironsides,* as she was called from that time, sailed into Boston with the news of the victory. Proudly floating from her stern, although badly torn, was the flag of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars.

* * *

Two years later on the evening of September 13th, 1814, a beautiful banner waved bravely over Fort McHenry that guarded the waterway to Baltimore.

Forty feet long were its fifteen stripes and each stripe was all of one foot wide. Its blue field with fifteen stars of white in rows of five, rested on the fifth red stripe.

Bravely in the face of terrible guns the banner spread out its folds and flauntingly waved them back and forth.

Now and then it seemed to shiver and shudder as a shell burst near it and fragments pierced its heart. Then again it quivered and fell back as a huge cannonball struck its folds tearing away a part of its body, but nothing could daunt the courage of that flag. Like the men beneath, who fought and suffered to protect their country, it recovered and waved on.

Torn and wounded it might be, but none could doubt its daring gallantry.

The sun went down behind it and all the world seemed to be flooded in a blood red glow.

In the river, on the *Minden,* a flag of truce ship which was used for the exchange of prisoners, Francis Scott Key watched the twilight shadows deepen and the shades of night fall upon his beloved banner.

In the afternoon he had gone with his friend General Skinner out to the British fleet, where Dr. William Beanes was held a prisoner.

Many times the people of Baltimore had tried to make an exchange for the doctor but Admiral Cochrane of the British fleet did not want to give him up.

At last the friends of the doctor asked Francis Scott Key who was a lawyer of Georgetown in the District of Columbia and a volunteer in the artillery, to try to persuade the admiral to give Dr. Beanes his freedom.

He had gained his friend's freedom and was about to return when he was told by the admiral that they were beginning at once to fire on Fort McHenry and that until the bombardment was over he must stay on his flag of truce ship. A company of marines was set to watch over the three friends to see that they did not have a chance to tell their comrades on the shore anything that was being planned on the British man-of-war.

So, from the deck of the *Minden* Francis Scott Key and his friends watched as night shadows fell.

Now and then in the darkness of night a shell burst over the fort, and by its light he could see the flag still waving.

A little after midnight the firing ceased. No lights lit up the sky, and all was darkness and silence.

Anxiously he waited for daylight, and it seemed that the bright rays of dawn would never appear in the heavens. He paced the deck asking himself:

"Has Fort McHenry fallen? Did they have to surrender?"

Then a gray light began to glow in the heavens and in the dim mists of morning he gazed toward the fort.

There upon its standard, proudly in victory, waved the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Such a feeling of thankfulness and gratitude to God came into his heart that he could not speak, and taking a scrap of a letter from his pocket he set down upon the paper all that he felt. He put into the words of a poem, his love for the starry banner and the fears he had had for its safety. And these are the words he wrote:

### *THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER*

*O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,*
*What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,*
*Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,*
*O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?*
*And the Rockets red glare, the Bombs bursting in air,*
*Gave proof through the night, that our Flag was still there;*

*O! say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave,*
*O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave?*

*On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,*
*Where the foes haughty hosts in dread silence reposes,*
*What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,*
*As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?*
*Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,*
*In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,*
*'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O! long may it wave*
*O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.*

*And where is that band who so vauntingly swore*
*That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion*
*A home and a country, should leave us no more?*
*Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution.*
*No refuge could save the hireling and slave,*
*From the terror or flight or the gloom of the grave,*
*And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,*
*O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.*

*O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,*
*Between their lov'd homes, and the war's desolation,*
*Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land,*
*Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!*
*Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,*
*And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust,"*
*And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,*
*O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.*

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*While "Old Ironsides" and the rest of the navy were at war on the sea, two fleets were being built on the Great Lakes; and the mythical person we call "Uncle Sam" came to be.*

*In Troy, New York, when Samuel Wilson was Inspector of Provisions for the United States Army, some soldiers were unloading boxes and chests of supplies. On each one was printed, "U. S." in large black letters.*

*"What's "U. S." stand for?" asked one, more to have something to say than for any other reason.*

*"Why," replied the other with a grin, "I guess that means Uncle Sam Wilson!"*

*"Then, here's a box for Uncle Sam, and here's another for him!" The first soldier took up the joke.*

*That night at mess, the two soldiers told their friends of "Uncle Sam." It passed from one to the other until all the army heard of it; and soon all over the United States people spoke of Uncle Sam when they saw the letters "U. S." Pictures began to be made of him as a tall gentleman with a high hat and long white beard. They clothed him in the stars and stripes of the flag. He became the mythical figure*

*standing for the United States, as John Bull stands for Great Britain.*

*Meantime work went on in the two navy yards on the lakes. Because of the Falls of Niagara, ships could not pass back and forth so, on Lake Ontario the British had a shipyard at Kingston, Ontario, and the Americans had one at Sackett's Harbor.*

*On Lake Erie, the British were at Detroit and the Americans were making ships at Erie—*

## PERRY'S BATTLE FLAG

In the little land-locked harbor of Erie in the winter and spring of 1813, the stroke of hammers rang out merrily. From the forests where tall chestnut trees and sturdy oaks grew there came the sound of many axes and the adz. Trees that were standing straight and tall in the morning, by night were felled, shorn of their branches and split into planks, and some might even be nailed to the frames of the ships which were being built on the shore of Lake Erie.

Every day from his lodgings at Duncan's "Erie Hotel" a young man of twenty-seven years was seen walking toward the navy yard. Always with him was his young brother, a lad of twelve.

It was Oliver Hazard Perry and his brother Alexander, watching over and trying to hasten the building of the little American navy.

There was great need of haste, for at any moment the British fleet, built on the Canadian side, might arrive and Captain Perry was not ready to meet them.

Every few hours a lookout climbed to the roof of the log block house and from there, placing his feet on the strong bars nailed on the stout flagpole,

climbed to the very top. Sitting beside the flag of his country, he could see far out over the lake. No sail would escape his eye.

All this time, while the ships were being made ready, over the bad roads and bridgeless streams of the wilderness of New York State and through the forests of Pennsylvania ox teams were making their slow way, heavy laden with supplies for the ship yard.

There was iron and canvas from Pittsburg and, from inland forts, cannon were on their way. Captain Dobbins had gone up to Buffalo and brought back four chests of small arms, a twelve-pound cannon and ammunition.

It had been the middle of the winter when Captain Perry set out from Newport where he and his wife lived, to take command of a little fleet that was being built on Lake Erie. It was March when he reached Erie. He and his little brother beside him, had led a party of seamen through the unbroken forests to Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario.

The going had not been easy. They had started out in sleighs, for the snow is deep in the winter in New York State. Sometimes they tramped through the snow and sometimes they were paddled up the streams in canoes until they came, at last, to the ship yards at Sackett's Harbor where Commodore Chauncey was building another fleet. From there

DON'T GIVE UP
THE SHIP

they made their way through another wilderness to Erie. When Perry arrived there he found that two gun boats were nearly planked up and the schooner *Scorpion* was just begun.

A little guard of sixty men watched over the ship-yard to guard it from surprise by the enemy and another guard was formed of the ship builders and carpenters, for at any moment the British might swoop down and burn their ships.

At sunset on the twenty-third of May, Captain Perry set out in an open four-oared boat to join Commodore Chauncey who was about to attack Fort George. All night he tossed upon the mighty waves of Lake Erie but in the morning he came to Buffalo.

Soon Fort George was given up by the British, Fort Erie was cleared of inhabitants and burned and the British gave up the entire line of the Niagara River. So that Perry was able to take out the five ships which had been made ready for war, but which had been kept below Buffalo by the Canadian guns.

On the morning of the sixth of June, oxen and seamen, and two hundred soldiers willingly slung ropes over their shoulders and began tracking, or hauling, the ships against the current of the river, along the shore.

It was a terrific job and took six days to do it. On the nineteenth, the little fleet sailed into Erie, just in time to get out of the way of the British fleet, whose

white sails appeared on the horizon as the last ship passed the bar.

Outside of the harbor in the open waters of the lake the enemy waited for the Americans.

Although Perry's ships were ready, the men to man them had not arrived. He sent urgent letters to the navy department and the army. Gradually, a few at a time, men were sent to him. Some were from Harrison's army, some from Chauncey, some were from the Pennsylvania militia, and some were blacks.

The militia of Pennsylvania had never seen a square-rigged vessel before. In their linsey woolsey fringed hunting shirts, muskets in hand, they wandered over the ships peeping into guns, into chests, and asking every kind of a question.

But they were patriots and willing to do all that they could to help.

Then the British fleet sailed away and word came to Perry that the British were planning to take Erie and the little American fleet, by marching overland and coming up behind them.

The whole village was in a panic. Families gathered their treasures and hurried inland.

A block house had been built to guard the navy yard and a redoubt had been thrown up on the heights, called Fort Wayne. In the village barracks had been built, and the Pennsylvania militia were

camped near Fort Wayne. These did not seem enough and Perry sent to Major General Mead of Meadville for his militia.

Fifteen hundred soldiers soon arrived. However the British did not attack the little town. They could not gather enough men in time to do it.

On the first of August, Captain Perry moved down to the sand bar expecting to take his ships out into the lake. The waters of the lake had gone down and his flagship, the *Lawrence*, would not go over the bar.

The cannon which had been fired in a salute to General Mead when he came, were empty. They were taken out of the ship and laid upon timbers on the sandy shore, while the *Niagara* and smaller ships stood by with their guns trained on the entrance to the harbor to be ready for the British fleet if they should come back suddenly and surprise them.

Then two scows, or camels as they were called, were brought up, one on each side of the *Lawrence,* and fastened to her by ropes. They were filled with water to bring them down to the water's edge. Great timbers were shoved through the port holes of the *Lawrence* and set on blocks on the scows. Next, the water was pumped out of the scows. And as the water was taken out the great camels began to rise, lifting the *Lawrence* up in the water as they did so.

Over a part of the bar they took the *Lawrence* but

in the middle, her keel grazed the sand and the whole business had to be done over.

Luckily, Captain Barclay of the British fleet decided to go to a banquet given by his Canadian friends and did not appear in the lake until the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* had been taken across the bar; their guns and arms had been slung aboard in a hurry and were all in place again, and the smaller vessels had sailed into the deeper water.

Perry sent three smaller ships out to meet Barclay and keep the British busy until the American fleet was all ready. When the British commander saw the three boats sailing straight for him, he clapped on all sail and disappeared.

The militia had returned to their farms and the townspeople had come back to the village of Erie, and Captain Perry was ready. He started out to find the British fleet. For days he cruised about, but there was no sign of the enemy.

Early in September one hundred volunteers came from General William Henry Harrison's army. Almost all of them were from Kentucky.

On the ninth of September a council was called to talk over the plan of battle when the British fleet should appear and at ten o'clock, on the clear moonlight night, just before the council was over, Captain Perry brought out a square battle flag that had been made for him in Erie.

It was blue, and white muslin letters were sewn on it. The words were those of the courageous Lawrence, commander of the *Chesapeake,* when wounded and dying he had cried,

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

"When you see this flag hoisted from the mainmast of my ship," Perry said, "go into action. As Nelson said, 'If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place.' Good night."

So they parted.

Early in the morning there was a cry from the mainmast of the *Lawrence* where a sailor hung in the rigging, watching.

"Sail ho!" rang out his voice.

And Perry went to meet the enemy.

He had three brigs, the *Lawrence, Niagara,* and the *Caledonia.* In all he had fifty-four guns, while the British had sixty-four.

Slowly over the smooth waters the *Lawrence,* followed by the rest of the fleet, sailed toward the British ships.

When he was almost upon them, Perry took up his blue battle flag, and, mounting on the top of a gunslide, called his crew about him.

"Boys," he said, "our ship is named for brave Captain James Lawrence. These are his words. Shall I hoist it?"

Amid the cheers of the men the blue battleflag was raised and broke out as it reached the top of the mainmast.

As the rest of the squadron saw the banner and its motto,

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP,"

cheers came from all in a long loud cry, and great excitement reigned on the ships.

Those who had been very ill and had had to keep to their hammocks ever since they started out on the ships, scrambled up to take some part in the struggle against the English. All along the shore of the lake great throngs of people had gathered to see the American squadron and the struggle they knew was coming.

Captain Oliver Hazard Perry looked about him. Beside him stood young Alexander. Perry patted his brother's shoulder affectionately and the boy looked up with a smile but they spoke no word.

Some of the men had served on the *Constitution* and with handkerchiefs bound around their heads they now stood ready for battle.

"Are you ready, boys?" he asked.

"All ready," they replied.

"I don't need to tell *you* what to do," he said as he passed on.

There was very little wind and it took an hour and

a half to reach the British fleet. As they sailed along Perry went from gun to gun to see that all was ready. A deep silence fell upon the ships as the American fleet bore down upon the enemy. Then on board the *Detroit,* the British flagship, a bugle sounded, sweet and clear over the water.

A cheer broke out on the British ships and they sent out a shot that went skipping past the *Lawrence.* Then from their long guns, shot after shot was fired. But Perry could not use his carronader for the ships were still too far apart.

He gave the last orders for the other ships to close up within half a cable's length. The orders were passed by trumpet from vessel to vessel. Then the Americans opened fire.

Three British ships began to fire on the *Lawrence.* The air was thick with smoke and flames.

The balls crashed through the sides of the ship, the guns were knocked from their carriages and the decks were strewn with the dead and wounded. Still the *Lawrence* kept up the unequal battle until at last with every brace and bowline shot away, the *Lawrence* lay a helpless wreck upon the waters.

At the mainmast

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

was still flying and the American flag at her stern still waved bravely.

It was Perry's first battle but he was calm as he helped a gunner fix a cannon which was out of order. The shrieks and groans of the wounded added to the awful din. Lieutenant Yarnell, with a red handkerchief around his head and one around his neck to staunch his two wounds, told Perry that all in his section were gone. But Perry replied that he had no more men to give him and the officer went back to his gun alone.

All this time Perry's young brother, Alexander, stood upon the deck beside him. Once he fell but he had only been hit by a hammock that had been shot down by a cannon ball.

At length but one gun was in place or could be fired on the *Lawrence,* and only eighteen men could stand out of one hundred that had manned the ship.

Perry looked about him. Through the smoke he could see the *Niagara* in charge of Lieutenant Elliott, slowly but surely drifting away from the battle.

Taking down his battle flag he called for a boat to be lowered. Into it he leaped with his brother and cried to the oarsmen to pull away for the *Niagara.*

Standing in the little boat with his battle flag draped across his back from shoulder to shoulder, he watched the British as they fired grape shot, cannon balls, canister and musket shot around him. At last his oarsmen, fearing he would be killed, said they

would stop rowing if he did not sit down. Only then would he take his seat.

A few seconds later they were all climbing up the side of the *Niagara,* which was scarcely damaged at all.

From the few remaining men on the *Lawrence* came a feeble cheer. Then they hauled down the "Stars and Stripes," for there was nothing else they could do.

Down upon the British fleet sailed the *Niagara,* with Perry in command, until they were within pistol shot.

Then such a broadside was fired from the American fleet! It swept the British ships, scattering and killing and fatally wounding.

For fifteen minutes this terrible bombardment was kept up. In the British ships brave seamen crept below decks to get out of its way and at last on the taffrail of the *Queen Charlotte* a white handkerchief fluttered.

The firing ceased, the smoke died away, and on the quiet waters lay what was left, the wrecks of two brave and courageous fleets.

Up went the colors, the "Stars and Stripes" on the *Lawrence.* Fifteen stars and fifteen stripes fluttered to the breeze telling all that although she had lowered her colors the *Lawrence* had not been taken.

Then Perry went back to his flag ship and on the

back of an old letter wrote his famous message to General William Henry Harrison,

*"We have met the enemy and they are ours:*
*Two ships, two Brigs, one Schooner and one Sloop.*
*Yours with great respect and esteem*
*O. H. Perry"*

The thunder and roar of battle are over and now along the dividing line of Canada and the United States no shots ring out. No forts bristle with cannon, "loaded and shotted."

All is peace. And across the River Niagara from the Canadian shore to the United States, with one end resting where Fort Erie stood and the other where Fort Porter used to be, runs the Peace Bridge built by Canadians and Americans to celebrate one hundred years of friendship.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY

*During the War of 1812, which lasted almost three years and in which the United States was victorious, the people of the new nation learned two very important lessons.*

*They found that they could not get along without an army to protect their borders, and if they wanted to have the freedom of the seas they would have to have a strong navy to protect their ships.*

*They began to take pride in their Union, and to realize that they were not many separate states but one great country over which waved a beautiful flag.*

*Francis Scott Key named it the "Star-Spangled Banner" and so it is known in every country in the world, where it is looked upon with admiration and great respect; but we, of the United States, have still another name for it.*

*We call it "Old Glory"!—*

## OLD GLORY

Little Willie Driver, thirteen years of age, stood upon the candlebox in Abner Goodhue's shop. Up and down he pushed and pulled the handle of the great bellows that fanned the coals in the forge until they glowed to flaming red.

At the door of the blacksmith's shop a group of grinning boys laughed at him. They twitted him because he was so small, and because he had to stand upon the box, and because he had to work while they played handball in the neighboring field.

Willie Driver made no answer to their taunts. Up and down went the handle of the bellows and brighter grew the fire until the coals were so hot that it was painful to gaze at them. The iron shoe held in the fire by the blacksmith's tongs grew soft and shone redly. The blacksmith, Abner Goodhue, took it from the fire and laying it on the anvil began to pound it, with a heavy hammer, into shape. There was a smell of steaming water as the shoe rested for a moment in the bucket and an odor of a warm hoof as the shoe was fitted to the horse's foot. During the time the attention of the boys was taken by this ever

interesting operation Willie Driver slipped from the candlebox and through the little door at the back of the shop.

He was not to escape his tormentors, for one had spied him. Trooping around to the rear they followed him to the house while he washed and took up the milk pail. Of all the things that Willie had had to do since his mother had hired him out to Abner Goodhue to learn the blacksmith's trade, milking the cow twice a day had made him the most provoked. It did not seem that it should be a part of his duties.

In silence he milked the cow. The warm foamy milk soon filled the pail and he gave the cow a gentle slap on her back as he left her.

The boys had grown tired of watching and as Willie made them no answer to their taunts they drifted away. When he had strained the milk through the clean cheesecloth and had placed the milk pans on the shelf in the cool stone cellar he hurried away to his home.

"My dear," cried his mother when she saw him, "your face is all sooty and smudgy again!"

"That's just it, mother," answered Willie. "You want me to work in the blacksmith's shop all day and when I come home you expect me to be as clean as though I just jumped out of a bandbox. Why won't you let me do what I want to? Why don't you let me go to sea?"

"Oh, Willie, do you want to leave me?" asked his mother.

"I don't want to leave you, Mother. But I do want to go to sea. I lie awake nights and dream of the swish of the water against the side of the ship. I can hear the wind in the sails and the creak of the timbers. I'll never be happy until I go," said Willie. "Why, mother," he added, "I can even taste the salt spray this moment."

"I'll never have a minute's peace until you return," said his mother.

"Oh, Mother, that means you are going to let me go. Hurrah!" cried Willie.

A few weeks later Willie Driver sailed out of the harbor of Salem bound for Leghorn and the Southern Seas. Each roll of the ship made him the happier, for he could really taste the salt spray and hear the wind in the sails and the creak of the masts as they bent in the wind.

After that first journey Willie Driver rose rapidly in rank. Eight voyages he made and then in December of the year 1831, when he was twenty-eight years old, he stood upon the deck of a new ship the *Charles Doggett* as the captain.

Snow flurries swirled around him and the wind was piercing cold. He was very happy, for he had worked hard and now his grateful employers were

The Flag of 1818 –
Beginning of the Present Flag

rewarding him by making him master of the best ship they owned.

All was ready on board and a good wind was filling the sails when down the wharf came one of his friends carrying a large bundle under his arm.

"Hold on there, Willie," cried the friend. "I've brought you a new flag for your new ship." Climbing on board he fastened the flag to the halyards and slowly raised it. It was done up in triangle shape and as it neared the top broke out little by little.

"That pleases me more than I can say," said Captain William Driver as the friend pulled the flag to the top of the mainmast.

"Ah! There floats the most beautiful flag in the world! 'Old Glory!' " cried William Driver.

When Congress and President George Washington passed the second flag act in 1794 and adopted the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, no thought was given to the fact that other states might come into the Union.

Two years later, on the first of June, 1796, Tennessee was added; on February nineteenth, 1803, Ohio was made a state; on April thirtieth, 1812, Louisiana was purchased. Indiana joined on December eleventh, 1816, and Mississippi was admitted

into the Union on December tenth, 1817, but they had no place on the flag.

In 1816, Honorable Peter Wendover, who was the Congressman from New York, thought a new stripe and a new star should be added to the banner of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, one each for each new state.

For two years the matter was talked over. To add so many new stripes would either make each stripe very narrow in the flag or make the flag too deep. It would lose its beauty, so they said.

That was what Captain Samuel Chester Reid thought and so he suggested to Congress, and to President Monroe, that we return to the thirteen stripes which were on the Grand Union Flag of 1776, but on the field of the flag of 1777 we would add a star for each state in the Union. The idea seemed a very fine one and on April fourth, 1818, Congress and President Monroe passed the third flag act.

They resolved that on the Fourth of July after any state came into the Union, to add a new star on the field of blue. The flag of 1818, the beginning of our present flag, had twenty stars and thirteen stripes.

The United States grew rapidly. Westward pushed the pioneers, into the heart of the country. Soon Illinois was made a state on December third, 1818, then Alabama on December 14, 1819, Maine on March 15, 1820, and Missouri on August 10, 1821.

So it happened, that over the *Charles Doggett* a flag of thirteen stripes and twenty-four stars faced the winter wind, floating proudly above the brig and shaking the heavy flakes of snow from its folds as the ship sailed out to sea.

That was a splendid trip, for in the Southern Pacific the *Charles Doggett* rescued the mutineers of the British ship *Bounty* and took them back to their settlement on Pitcairn Island.

But it was Captain William Driver's last voyage. When he reached the United States he found that his wife was very ill and for her sake he gave up the sea which he loved. In 1832 they made their home in Nashville, Tennessee, where Mrs. Driver could be near her relatives.

On Washington's Birthday of each year he hung out "Old Glory" over his doorway and every St. Patrick's Day which was his own birthday the folds of the old flag floated to the spring breezes.

When war came between the North and South in 1861, his sympathies were with the North, for he had been born and brought up in Salem, Massachusetts. For safe keeping he hid his precious "Old Glory" away, no one knew where.

One day a corporal's guard of gray clad soldiers came marching down the street. They halted before the white picket gate while the captain from his vine covered veranda watched them with twinkling eyes.

He knew why the Confederate soldiers had come but he was not at all worried.

"You have a Union flag here," said their leader. "We must trouble you to give it up."

"You may have it if you can find it," said Captain Driver.

Calmly he watched the boys in gray as they searched every cupboard; he watched while they turned the old clothes out of the hide covered trunks in the garret; and he smiled to himself when the soldiers departed, defeated, for the hiding place of "Old Glory" was still a secret.

Many times that year the Confederate soldiers searched the house but they never found the flag.

Then came the day in February in 1862, when the Union soldiers landed at Nashville and marched in triumph to the capitol.

Down from the dome of the capitol the Northern soldiers took the "Stars and Bars" of the valiant South. In its place they ran up the emblem they carried, a small banner bearing the stars and stripes of the Union.

In the midst of the crowd below in the street Captain Driver watched the small banner as it fluttered on the tall flag staff.

"Now is the time to give 'Old Glory' an airing," he said to himself.

Quickly he found the captain of the 6th Ohio regiment which had been the first to enter the city.

"I have a large flag at home. I'd like to fly it instead of yonder small emblem," he said when he had told his name.

"Bring it here, we'll fly it over the capitol," said the captain.

"I'd not be allowed to bring it alone," said Captain Driver. "Give me an escort and I'll have it here in short order!"

Down the street marched the guard of Union men and in their midst marched the sea-captain. Into his house and into his bed chamber he led them. Then pulling the knitted coverlet from his bed he disclosed an old quilt. It was quilted in a crazy pattern in clumsy sailor's stitches. Carefully he ripped them out and drew from between the outer covering his beloved "Old Glory."

Back down the street to the capitol marched the Union guard and, proudly strutting, in their midst paced Captain Driver. Under his arm done up in a bundle was his flag and in his heart was a feeling of great happiness.

As the soldiers watched from the street they saw the sea-captain appear on the dome of the capitol. Bareheaded he was and his white locks were lifted by the cold breeze as he took down the small emblem and ran up his own flag, "Old Glory."

Then he sat down on the roof to watch. The wind was very strong. It lifted the folds of the old flag and snapped them to and fro.

Anxiously all night long Captain Driver watched by his banner, and when in the morning he saw that some of the stitches were ripping he hastened away to his home. From some corner, unknown, he brought out a newer and stronger flag and set it up in the place of "Old Glory." Tenderly folding up his own banner he carried it back to his home.

Many years have passed and now "Old Glory" the first flag to be called by that name, rests in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. The banner itself is the same that received the name but the original stars are not on it. For some reason known only to himself, the sea-captain ripped them off during the Civil War.

The flag that waved over the Capitol at Nashville was the starry banner of the Union but it did not hold as many stars as should have been in a flag of 1862, for since the banner was made in 1831 many states had been added to the Union.

Michigan, January 26, 1837.
Florida, March 3, 1845.
Texas, December 29, 1845.
Iowa, December 28, 1846.
Wisconsin, May 29, 1848.

California, September 9, 1850.
Minnesota, May 11, 1858.
Oregon, February 14, 1859.
Kansas, January 29, 1861.

Each of these states now owned a star in the blue field of the Star Spangled Banner.

In the summer of 1862, after "Old Glory" had floated over the Capitol of the South, a flag with thirty-four stars waved defiantly over the little frontier town of New Ulm in Minnesota. From the distance came the sound of the guns at Fort Ridgely where the garrison was stationed.

Worried looks were on every face in the little town for news had come in that the Sioux Indians were on the warpath.

Early in the summer the Indians on their reservation had seemed quite contented and happy. Those who had adopted the dress and ways of the white man had planted and tended their crops and the "blanket Indians," or those who were still living as they did before the white men came to Minnesota, seemed to be hunting and fishing and well content.

However, as the dog days of August drew near a feeling of unrest came over the Sioux. They could see how rich was the land which they had given up to the white man and although they were to be paid for it, the money did not arrive, for the North and South

were at war and it was not easy to get the money for the Indians.

The United States had asked some Indians to join the Union army and they had marched away early in the summer.

"The United States must be very weak if they ask us to fight their wars," reasoned the Sioux.

"We must strike at once," they said to each other.

On Saturday morning on the seventeenth of August, Little Crow, the chief, and his Indian warriors went to church in the little Episcopal Chapel. They listened quietly to the sermon and took part in the service and when they left and trotted away on their ponies they seemed to be happy.

But that afternoon, in the little settlement of Acton, five white men were murdered by the Indians.

Hitching up the horses and wagon of the murdered men, they drove as rapidly as they could to their Indian village. When their chief heard of the murder he knew he would have to give the murderers up to the white men for punishment. So they decided among themselves, in their council of warriors, to call the murder of the white people an act of war.

As soon as they could get ready, the warriors leaped on their horses and, galloping rapidly, came to the home of Little Crow who before, had stood on the side of the white settlers and who had even been to Washington to make terms with the government,

but who was all at once eager to drive the white settlers from Minnesota forever.

"Let us kill the traders," he counseled. "We'll divide their goods among us. Now is as good a time as any to strike."

By seven o'clock in the morning Little Crow had gathered two hundred warriors around him.

Down on the traders' post they fell, but they were so eager to capture the goods that they paid no attention to the traders who slipped away with their families and finally reached Fort Ridgely.

As soon as the goods and things in the post were divided, the Indians separated into small bands and began to murder the settlers. They killed the men, and captured the women and children. They burned their stacks of grain, killed their cows and pigs, and stealing the farm wagons filled them full to overflowing with goods from the houses and then speedily drove to the village of Little Crow.

On their way they met the settlers moving up to the fort and the towns. Some of the settlers were captured and some of them were killed and scalped, but a few of the white people escaped.

On the nineteenth of August, one hundred and fifty Indians swooped down on the town of New Ulm. In the skirmish one young woman was killed, and some of the buildings were set on fire. Then the Indians scattered.

All that day wagon loads of discouraged unhappy settlers came straggling into the town of New Ulm bringing the wounded and the women and children.

The town which was very small was full to overflowing. During the night men came in from some of the neighboring towns to help defend New Ulm. Soon Colonel Flandreau, who had been Sioux agent and was well known by Indians and whites all up and down the Minnesota valley, came in to the town with a company of men he had raised in St. Peters.

He took charge at once. Barricades of wagons and cord wood, of planks and of boxes were thrown up between the end walls of the houses along several blocks and loopholes were made in the brick ends of the buildings.

For several days no Indians were seen which gave the people of New Ulm a chance to go out to the farms and bury the murdered and bring in the wounded.

Then, early on Saturday morning, the guns at the fort began to be heard. All day the people of New Ulm listened and wondered about the fate of Fort Ridgely. No news came in, for no man was safe outside of the fort or the town. When the firing at the fort seemed to cease Colonel Flandreau sent out a party of seventy-five men to find out the fate of the fort.

They had just reached the woods when they were

fired upon by some Indians who were hidden behind the brushwood, and hastily the white men fell back near the fort to wait for the Indians.

When Little Crow and his painted half-naked warriors *did* come they came from another way. Slowly at first they advanced in a long line, curved toward the town at both ends. As the men from the fort rushed to meet them, the Indians gave their horrible warwhoop that sent terror into the hearts of the brave men on the plains and whitened the faces of those within the barricaded town.

The white men fell back in alarm and retreated into the town while the Sioux took possession of the buildings on the outside of the barricade.

Each attack of the Indians was met by the fire of the settlers, from loopholes or between the planks and cord wood or from the windows of the little houses.

Then darkness came down like an angel's sheltering wings to protect them, for the Indians hardly ever fought at night. Careful watch was kept until dawn. In the morning only a few scattering shots were sent by the departing warriors. Colonel Flandreau ordered the buildings outside of the barricade burned, so that the Indians could not occupy them. But the Indians did not come again.

On Monday morning a long mournful procession of wagons rattled out of the little town of New Ulm. They were filled with the wounded and the women

and children who had been living in the cellars of the town. Beside them trudged the men and boys. Their homes were gone and their food and crops destroyed but they were not discouraged. As soon as they could they would plant new crops and build new homes. Such was the spirit of the pioneer who carried "Old Glory" westward.

As the pioneers went on their march through the wilderness across the sands and barren lands and over the mountains and rivers, new states sprang up in their wake.

West Virginia, June 19, 1863,
Nevada, October 31, 1864,
Nebraska, March 1, 1867,
Colorado, August 1, 1876,
North Dakota, November 2, 1889,
South Dakota, November 2, 1889,
Montana, November 8, 1889,
Washington, November 11, 1889,
Idaho, July 3, 1890,
Wyoming, July 11, 1890,
Utah, January 4, 1896,

Oklahoma, November 16, 1907, have been made states. On the field of blue where once the King's Colors rested, forty-eight stars tell the world of our great Union.

When you see "Old Glory" at the head of a parade, above the buildings or in your school, pause a moment to remember.

Remember the handful of patriots who fought at Lexington and Concord and think of those courageous men who when they had no more powder retreated down Bunker Hill and as they backed down the hill had no other weapons than sticks and stones which they picked up from the hillside to protect them from the terrible bayonets in the hands of the Redcoats. Think of the patriots at Trenton and Princeton who, in spite of bleeding feet and frozen fingers, chose to stay with their brave leader George Washington. And remember those patriots at Valley Forge who half naked, hungry and cold stood by their general who was too brave and courageous to let them know that his only hope was in God, to whom he prayed, alone and in the silence of the forest.

Remember the sailor patriots on the seas and the hardy pioneers who made a path for us to the very shores of the Pacific Ocean. Remember how our brave soldiers fought the Spaniards to help free Cuba from bondage, and do not forget our brave lads who from the North and South and East and West sailed across the Atlantic to march side by side with the boys from England, France and Italy

and their allies in the World War, the most terrible war of all.

All these struggles and sacrifices have been made to make our flag. Its Romance is the story of our Country, of Freedom and of Peace.

Then, never, never in any way, by any act of yours let our flag be sullied.

Give it all the love and reverence you can, for it is a symbol. It stands for love of God, love of Country and home, for honor, faith and charity in the home of the free and the brave.

When you see its fair folds salute it, if not with your hand to your brow, then, in your heart give it homage.

No flag in all the world was ever so beautiful and no flag ever stood for so much as your flag and mine, the Flag of the United States.

LONG MAY IT WAVE!!

THE END

## HOW TO DISPLAY OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

*There are two ways only to display the American flag properly.*

*One is to fly the flag from a staff, freely unfurled, with the starry field, or Union as it is called, toward the peak.*

*The other is to hang the flag, either lengthwise or breadthwise, with the Union always uppermost and to the observer's left as he faces the flag.*

*Attempts to "improve" the appearance of the American flag by other methods of display, such as fastening it into a rosette or using it as a draping, lack the respect due to Old Glory as the symbol of our country.*

*To fly the flag from a staff, hoist it briskly to the peak, with the Union uppermost. It should be lowered slowly and ceremoniously, never permitting the folds to touch the ground.*

*If suspended across a street, the flag should be hung vertically, with the Union uppermost and to the north in an east-and-west street and to the east in a north-and-south street.*

*When flown at half-staff, the flag should be raised*

*to the peak of the staff and then lowered to half staff; before lowering for the day it should be raised again to the peak and then lowered for removal.*

*At crossed staff with another flag, the American flag should be on the observer's left, the staff in front of the staff of the other flag.*

*When forming a cluster with other flags, the American flag should be in the center of the group or at the highest point in the group.*

*In a procession, the American flag should be on the marching right of all other flags, or in the fore-center of a line of flags.*

*Whether indoors or out, the flag should not be festooned over doorways or arches, tied in a bow-knot, or otherwise employed in a purely decorative manner. For these purposes, bunting of the national colors is more appropriate and since the blue Union is the flag's honor point, the bunting should be arranged with that color uppermost.*

*On a speaker's platform, the American flag, if not flown from a staff, should be displayed flat and placed above and to the rear of the speaker—Union on the observer's left. If on a staff, the flag should be on the speaker's right.*

*On a staff projecting from a window, the flag may be displayed with the staff either horizontal or at an angle, with the Union, except when at half staff, to the outermost point of the staff.*

*When several flags are flown from staffs, the American flag should be flown from the staff on the extreme left of the observer. Old Glory is hoisted first and lowered last.*

*When flags of two or more nations are displayed, they should be flown from separate staffs and all flags should be approximately the same size. International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation over that of another in time of peace.*

*At unveiling ceremonies the American flag should form a distinctive feature of the program, but should not be used as a covering for the statue.*

*The use of the flag for athletic uniforms, handkerchiefs, napkins, or other purposes lacking in dignity and respect, while not strictly a violation of law, is offensive to persons of patriotic feeling.*

*When the flag becomes soiled, it may be laundered with propriety. This is best done in one's own home.*

*There is an old army custom whereby Old Glory, when damaged or frayed, may be withdrawn from service with due reverence. According to this custom, the Union is first cut from the flag, then the two pieces of the flag which is no longer a flag are cremated and their ashes strewn over the parade ground.*

Meier Frankfurt MÜNCHEN